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spectre of a
world trade war

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 15, 1982

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Maclean's

Living without the Pill

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Another spate of derailments provoked clamorous distress across the land. — *Page 26*

Books	9
Business	9
Canada	2
Cities	9
Cover story	1
Dairies	1
Film	6
Fotheringham	7
Justice	9
Letters	9
Newman	9
Passages	9
People	4
Podium	1
Profile	9
Sports	9
Television	2
The Arts	7
World	9



Jennifer Duke was well cast as a stay at the third annual Gene Awards in Toronto. —Page 6

Bertha Wilson joins a grey and masculine conclave on the Supreme Court. —Page 24



The U.S. and its trading partners seem to be stripping off for an interest rates fight. —Page 3

Ordinary law-abiding people are changing that policy and are violent too often. — *Page 54*

[illegible]



NEW
du MAURIER
LIGHT



Light-yet distinctly du Maurier



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked - avoid inhaling. As per cigarette. Regular 9 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine; King Size 11 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine.

EDITORIAL

Black Tuesday humor: that was no depression—that was my wife



By Peter C. Newman

There is a story going around these days about two economists who meet on the street. One says to the other "How's your wife?"

Replies his friend: "Compared to what?"
It's a relevant question in Canada's current economic situation. Compared to most other countries, our business outlook remains relatively manageable, with impressive underlying long-term strengths. Despite the horrors of high interest rates, declining employment and an inflation spiral that defies traditional controls, this country's basic integrity is not seriously threatened. The politicians, however troubled they may feel, are not abandoning their sense of a more compassionate and egalitarian society. While the stock market

crashes, it is neither new nor incurable. As the accompanying table indicates, there have been severe recessions of varying lengths and intensities since the Second World War. At least four outlived the present downturn. At the same time, we have enjoyed an incredible total of 383 months of economic expansion, a record unapproached by any nation on earth.

The important point is that while we may be deep in a recession, we are not, by any stretch of the imagination, anywhere near a depression. As Paul Samuelson, the distinguished American economist, has noted, "Although nothing is impossible, the probability of a great depression—a prolonged, cumulative and chronic slump like that of the 1930s, the 1890s, or the 1870s—has been reduced to a negligible figure."

What we are suffering from most is a crisis in political confidence—an "end-of-ideology" situation which has drained the parliamentary system of the vitality it needs to flourish. Pierre Trudeau once rallied the country with his call for "sane guys who save ideas." That's precisely what we need now.

CANADA'S ECONOMY 1946-1992

Expansion	Contraction
Feb '46 Oct '48 32 months	Oct '48 Sept '49 11 months
Sept '49 May '53 44 months	May '53 June '54 13 months
June '54 April '57 34 months	April '57 April '58 12 months
April '58 Jan '60 31 months	Jan '60 Feb '61 12 months
Feb '61 Feb '65 40 months	April '74 Sept '74 6 months
March '65 March '74 97 months	Jan '80 June '83 4 months
Oct '74 Dec '79 63 months	July '81 8 months
July '80 June '81 12 months	

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March 15, 1992

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Lives lost at sea: not unsinkable

Never before has one of your stories affected me like the March 1 cover *The Cruise Ship*. On Feb. 15 I first learned of the sinking of the Ocean Ranger from my sister-in-law in Newfoundland. When the rig sank, it took my brother with it. He was one of the first 26 bodies recovered. The sorrow and anger and disbelief felt by myself, mother, sister and the town he lived in was indescribable. From what I have learned about my brother's bang on the rig, he said it was like being in a hotel. He also said, "It's over sink, none of us will be coming back." You would think that the oil companies would have learned from the Titanic that nothing is unsinkable. \$5000 paid for me and my sister to fly down to Newfoundland for the funeral in Norris Arm. It's very little compensation for the loss of my brother.

—LLOYD BLACKMORE,
Napere Falls, Ont.

If the tragic sinking of the Ocean Ranger, one of the best explained by sea disasters, prompts you to write your story *The Cruise Ship*, are we to expect the annual spring slaughter of seal pups to be headlined *These Monstrous Ships* and the August spill of forest fires *The Greedy Phoenix*?

—LISE BENSON,
Pickering, Ont.

PASSAGES



DIE: Frontline playmate comedian John Belushi, 33, in a bungalow of the Clatsop Harbort Hotel in Los Angeles, apparently of natural causes. The *Chicago* boy was an Albanian immigrant who trained in that city's celebrated improvisational troupe, Second City, with Gilda Rodner, Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd. In 1975, Belushi joined television's *Saturday Night Live* and gained a following with comic portrayals of such characters as a deranged surgeon and killer bear. The phenomenal success of the film *Animal House* in 1978 was his springboard to Hollywood, and he left the television show in 1979. After *Bratliner* was his only moderately popular movie after the television, but his career was still flourishing. *Neighbors* was his most recent film. The chain-smoking, over-the-top star, who once was the captain of his



The Ocean Ranger disaster: disaster

Wearing down the democracies

Your well-written article in *World War III: Inevitable?* (Cover, Feb. 15) makes some reading for those of us who spent long years in the Second World War fighting the philosophy that might is right. The Soviets are asked into a program of massive buildup in the belief that they will eventually wear down the will of the Western democracies. But what if they don't, and we continue, on both sides, to build up nuclear and regular forces as we are currently doing? Another standoff, only with more destruction.

—CHARLES LEMOYNE,
Chesapeake, Md.

high-school football team and was married to his high-school sweetheart, Judith Jacklin, said in a recent interview: "In your 20s, you feel like you're indestructible. You go on and stay up for days and do as many things as you can, and then, in your 30s, you think, well, maybe I'll be around here a little longer, so I'm going to take better care of myself."



PERISHED DEAD: Impresario Gilles Talbot, 41, a major force in the Quebec music industry, after his private aircraft disappeared off the coast of South Carolina. A week-long search failed to turn up any sign of the man who rose from being a lounge musician in Montreal to controlling Robeco-Disco Inc., Quebec's leading independent record company. Talbot is credited with discovering singer Gilette Reno and has recorded and promoted such stars as Robert Charlebois, Diane Dufresne, Gilles Rivard and Concept Nord.

I find it extremely disturbing to witness our world leaders actively planning the destruction of our world. What do Reagan and Brezhnev care? They have already lived long and full lives. But what about the children of the world who have no much to look forward to, who must grow and help change our world into a good one as our knowledge and technology can make possible? Reagan's parents let him live and grow to be everything he dreamed of; all I ask is the same chance.

—ANN MARTEL,
Montreal

Vocabulary enrichment

For years I have felt that *Maclean's* has a twofold purpose—to keep Canadians abreast of news and to enrich our vocabularies. Keith Sykes's simply titled *Politeness: Why We Have to Love Each Other* (Feb. 15) was guaranteed to increase our word power. I would love to know how many readers knew the meaning of "disphoria" without a dictionary.

—KATHERINE B. KEELING,
Barnfield, N.B.

Vancouver's Orpheum Theatre

If any effort deserves recognition as being "in the forefront of the movement to save the grand old theatres" (*Quarrying Off the Old Morris Palmer, Architect*, Feb. 8), I would have thought Vancouver's Orpheum would have topped the award. It was saved from demolition by an accused citizenry way back in 1974 and converted into one of the finest concert halls in North America.

—PETER BOHR,
Vancouver



COMMEMORATED: The Welsh poet Dylan Thomas (1914-1953), with a plaque in Poets' Corner in London's Westminster Abbey. The fervent lyric poet of his generation, Thomas achieved fame with his speaking engagements in the United States which allowed him to indulge anyone to drink and pliable women. He died in New York of pneumonia while in a coma induced by acute alcoholic poisoning.

SENTEENCES: Twenty-two members of the successful Modern Architecture/Art conspiracy to monumentalize Egypt's president, Anwar Sadat. Five men, four of whom were said to comprise the squad that carried out the killing at a reception stand at Cairo last October, were condemned to death. Sadat's severed remains ranging from five years to life. Two of those accused were acquitted at the conclusion of the show-case trial.

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HIGH-TECH. Who gives a heck.

As innuendo as it may sound, the 1982 Volkswagen Rabbit is a marvel of automotive engineering. To many with a scientific bent, the tip of the high technology rabbit is represented by Rabbit's exclusive Upshift Indicator Light System, conceived for even greater fuel economy.

On the surface, it is a deceptively simple little amber light positioned on the instrument panel of every Rabbit equipped with a

manual transmission, but powered by a gasoline or diesel engine.

Traffic conditions permitting, the driver is encouraged to shift up to a higher gear each time the light is activated. Shift to a higher gear and the light goes out. And fuel consumption goes down. By repeating the process throughout your journey, additional fuel economy is added to Rabbit's already excellent ratings.

More specifically, a small, solid state switching unit is at the heart of the Upshift System. It receives input from a number of sophisticated



micro-switches

and sensors that continuously monitor engine speed, engine load and gear selected. Data collection, evaluation and response are practically instantaneous, providing the Rabbit driver with accurate and timely fuel saving information and allowing the driver to take full advantage of Rabbit's unique fuel saving potential.

High-technology has also been utilized throughout each 1982 Rabbit. Independent suspension, for example, has not been confined

to one set of wheels. Front MacPherson struts and a rear independent stabilizer axle with trailing arms are both supported by coil springs and telescopic shock absorbers. And a sophisticated safety feature, called Negative Steering Roll Radius, has also been incorporated. However, the complexities and safety advantages of this innovation will have to be explored in a subsequent advertisement.

An additional high-technology feature worthy of note on the Rabbit LS is the Passive Restraint System. All the driver or front seat passenger is required to do is sit down and close the car's door. He or she is automatically buckled up and surrounded by energy-absorbing devices.

The 1982 Rabbit. Truly a triumph of high-technology.



air bag

"Life is complicated enough today without having to get involved with high-technology terms. Let alone trying to understand the physical principles that are operating.

"For instance, my 35mm camera has a built-in light meter reading system. I can't tell you

exactly how it works. But it works. That's all I care about. And my new 1982 Rabbit.

My VW Dealer tells me it has an exclusive Upshift Indicator Light System for increased fuel economy. And he has a detailed and technical explanation of how and why it operates. All I care about is that I started to get great mileage with my Rabbit from the start. And the more often I shifted the mo-

ment that little amber arrow on the dash lit up, the higher my mileage went up. In fact, my mileage is extremely close to the figures Theseport Canada publishes. What else is there to know.

"As for my Rabbit's smooth ride, high-tech people talk about MacPherson struts, stabilizer axles with trailing arms and telescopic shock absorbers. Fine for them. But what I know is that when my Rabbit's front wheel hits a pot hole, the whole car doesn't go into shock. When I take a tight curve, I take a tight curve. Simple as that.

"Oh, and one other thing I used to really have to remind myself to buckle up for safety. But with my new Rabbit LS, now all I have to do is sit down, close the door and I'm buckled up. They call it a Passive Restraint System. I call it plain good sense. Now, you can read all the high-tech you want.

As for me, I just say that the 1982 Rabbit is one heck of a car."



If you thought about Rabbit as much as Rabbit thought about you, you'd think about Rabbit.

Politics kill seals, don't they?

By Farley Mowat

Most of the time we Canadians are little more than waxy grey wraiths in the eyes of the rest of the world, but once a year we do manage to grab the international spotlight. It happens each March when impressive Rodolphe LaBrec, minister of fisheries and oceans, stages his famous extravaganzas. The Ice Is Red. Although edited scenes from abroad about this imaginary slaughter of the seals may not make our tourism industry jump for joy, fans always like the price. As an American writer once said of his adventures, "Call me a son of a bitch if you want, but make sure you spell my name right!"

The department of fisheries and oceans is willing to have us pay the price because, it says, the seal "harvest" is economically important to the Newfoundland and Gulf of St. Lawrence region. I say this is



barren seals that live along the coast, we set up a system of new, juicy bounty payments, because these two species aren't worth hunting commercially. With the bounties and bounties we worked the fact that they are worth a few bucks on the market. That's a blessing, because if we didn't have the commercial hunt, and couldn't keep it going, we'd end up paying guys to go out there and kill them, which would be as hell of a lot harder to justify publicly. One way or another, though, we're getting them."

Indeed they are. Bounty payments (as much as \$130 of seal skin money for killing one seal) have already reduced harbor and grey seals to a remnant of their former numbers. Harp seals, which are estimated by some to have numbered about six million before the commercial hunt began, are down to fewer than one million and probably a good deal less. They will continue to decline because the department eventually uses real quotas that are higher than the reproductive capabilities of the herds. That, of course, is denied by Fisheries spokesmen.

But there is more. Even now the department is disseminating propaganda with which to justify its proposed bounty measures of West Coast sea lions. That British Columbia fishermen are suffering undeniable losses due to the depredations of this species is its thesis. There is even a subtle campaign under way to convince us to accept a proposal of whaling in Canadian waters by Japanese firms. So well has the policy been implemented, I am told, a solution to the problem of sea mammal competition with mankind will likely have been achieved by the mid-1990s. A final solution, obviously. It is true, of course, that sea mammals do eat fish, although for the most part these are noncommercial species. But by carefully meeting and relaying figures that suit its purposes, the department's leaders must suppose that seals are a competitor we simply can't afford. I have examined their statistical proofs and I am here to tell you that many are badly biased and some are downright dishonest. The truth seems to be that our entire sea mammal population represents less real competition to our commercial fisheries than do a score or so of foreign dragons.

Naturally the fisheries department and its supporters, including some members of the supposedly independent Committee on Seals and Sealing, will deny my allegations with holy horror. Let them do so and be damned. More than two years of intensive research has convinced me beyond the shadow of a doubt that the department is deliberately engaging in massive deceit against marine mammals—and succeeding all too well. It will continue to succeed unless, and until, we decide that being labelled murderous sons of bitches by an outraged world is too high a price to pay for getting Canada's name up there in lights each spring...even with the name spelled right.

Denying author Farley Mowat is at present completing research for *The Age of Slaughter*, a book about the destruction of animal life in the Atlantic region.



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A proud society fights for its life

By Daniel Bursztain

Almost everyone in the northern New Mexico hill towns of San Cristobal, nestled comfortably below the snow-capped peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, can tell you where to find Sewer Clothes Vigil. Sheep rancher, blacksmith, wood-carver, sculptor, singer, guitarist, storyteller, poet, painter, whose beifier and banister—Vigil is all of them and more, he is a self-appointed curator in an invisible museum housing memories of the vibrant culture of his grandfather's days. There is melody in Vigil's voice, but there is also pain. "In the days of my grandfather," he says almost mournfully, "this was a valley of love and trust. The people were poor but they had no desire to be rich. They took from the land and gave back to it. But now that is gone. Mexicans are being built in the holy hills around Santa Fe. And that brings hate, prejudice and pollution."

Indeed, the mountains are going up fast and furiously throughout northern New Mexico. From the 373-year-old capital city of Santa Fe to the arid canyon city of Taos and the rapidly expanding ski valley above it, undulating walls of pink and beige add new mountain scenery and contradictions. The serene textures of adobe fields leads a unique visual harmony to the area, but contends an intense and growing diversity of classes, races and peoples. In an America made up largely of immigrants and natives whose traditions, northern New Mexico is unique for the racial continuity of its three-centuries-old Hispanic villages and its 19 Indian pueblos, some of which have been occupied continuously for close to 9,000 years. Common to both Hispanic and Indian civilizations is a love of the land, a pride in the work of human hands, a philosophy of patience and tolerance and a cosmology in which the virtues of family, community and religion are far more important than material things.

Suddenly, however, New Mexico is changing very fast and



Manuel Reyes of the Taos Pueblo: hate and prejudice

growing—a 20-per-cent population increase in the past decade alone. Possessing a treasury of energy resources that includes America's richest uranium mines as well as coal, oil, gas and geothermal springs, the state has been the scene of rapid industrialization since the energy crisis of 1974. Its land is also rich in copper, molybdenum, gold, polysilicon and other riches, and its social

structure lacks much in the way of labor legislation or unions. Thus New Mexico has become highly attractive to snowbelt industrialists seeking to relocate in more favorable climates.

New Mexico has also come of age as the American social scene. In a recent story, *Esquire*, authoritative arbiter of what is and is not hip and stylish in the U.S., declared Santa Fe to be America's "Right Place to Live." Thousands of well-bred, successful Southern Californians and New Yorkers, not to mention Canadians and Europeans, apparently agree, and are pouring into northern New Mexico at an accelerating rate. "Push your bag," urged *Esquire's* reporter. "The word is spreading." Santa Fe—just 17,000—many Hispanics and Indians, who once made up the majority of the state's population but now account for less than 10 per cent of its 1.3 million people, would rather that the word not be spread. They see their cultures threatened, their land and water being stolen from under them and pollution beginning to run rampant.

Although real estate values have shot up, making a Santa Fe home purchased a decade ago for \$35,000 worth 10 times that today, many Anglos who arrived back then are still less than enthusiastic about the way things are changing. Ever since the files of novelist D.H. Lawrence and painter Georgia O'Keeffe made New Mexico home in the 1930s, the state has been a magnet for creative people. In Santa Fe, Taos and

points in between, a growing community of artists, writers, photographers, dancers, musicians and crafts people of all kinds continues to generate an electric cultural atmosphere. But as New Mexico has become trendy—with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Elizabeth Taylor and Neil Simon making homes or visiting frequently—it has also become a mecca for burned-out stockbrokers and investment bankers, music artists trying to ride the coattails of celebrated ones, drug, sex and religious cultists of various descriptions and affluent young people seeking for little more than the latest

Blow dry from drought and diversion: high grotesque



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So you can fully appreciate that picture, Zenith gives you a choice of features. Like Speed Search, clear slow motion, clear frame-by-frame advance, and clear stop action. Which all can be controlled from a wireless remote.

You can find all these features in Zenith's new low-profile Hi-Tech Video Director (VT9773). It gives you 14-day programming in a sport-load design that's a mere 3 1/2 inches high. It's the most compact work of video technology ever created.

Equally compact but even more versatile is Zenith's new dual-purpose portable Hi-Tech Video Director (VR9600). At just 9 1/2 pounds, it's much more portable than its heavier VHS competitors. The lighter system, when coupled with Zenith's color sound camera (VC1900), lets you to create and record your own dramas on location.

Back home, when you team it with its mate Tuner/Timer (VR9650), you can sit back and admire your own work, or record and play back television shows.

If you're a stanning artist who is just as serious about video, Zenith makes these other Hi-Tech Video Director models for you (VR9760, VR9650, VR9630).

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sweated his dust-choked column of
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duty, and no cotton. They swore it
was an ordeal. They swore by him
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Gin. An extremely light and dry gin
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PICKLES'
An Extremely Gin,
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social scene. "New newcomers don't
even realize that they are coming to a
different part of the country with a dif-
ferent culture," observes Rodolfo An-
aya, an associate professor at the Uni-
versity of New Mexico. "They just want
to impose their values on us."

Those who have lived in New Mexico
any length of time are increasingly con-
cerned that its magical environment
is being supplanted by outrageous
housing costs, traffic jams and a tight-
ening of the controls on water, the life-
blood of an area geographically designated
as arid-land. When it comes right



Water boss Reynolds: chicaneries

down to it, the politics of development
in New Mexico are virtually synony-
mous with the politics of water. The
shortage of water is the primary factor
separating developers from their dream
of doubling Santa Fe's population of
50,000, where land with water rights
commands 4,000 to 5,000 per cent higher
prices than land without. "You just
don't expect people in this state to be
rational when it comes to water rights,"
says Steve Reynolds, the state engineer
of New Mexico who is popularly known
as the "water boss." Considered a prop-
erty right in New Mexico, water is a far
more complex commodity than it ap-
pears. Title to the land does not neces-
sarily mean the right to the water on it,
and even the question of first ownership
is often clouded—Anglo speculators
have often been able to register claims
to land Mexican families had lived on
but never formally obtained title to.
Water rights are a constant source of
bested argument in New Mexican poli-
tics, and Reynolds admits that profound
changes may be ahead for the small
Hispanic and Indian farmers who cur-
rently use about 90 per cent of the
state's water supply to irrigate their
substantive fields. "The water supply is
fixed, so the solution must come in

"I can remember when
work suits and starched collars
were a uniform."

Today, performance is
more important than convention.
So how you dress is how you
feel. And we want our people
to feel relaxed.

There's enough pressure
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Villages of a mountained village

changing the pattern of use," says Reynolds, referring to the state's development plans that call for a population of three million by the end of the century.

Hispanic farmers, however, contend that "changing the pattern of use" is just a euphemism for diverting water from their irrigation ditches to serve the interests of mining, manufacturing, large-scale ranching, land development and tourism. Says De Vargas, the manager of a health clinic in Rio Arriba, one of the poorest counties in the U.S.: "The history of northern New Mexico is a history of Anglos stealing land and water from Hispanics. The developers know that if they get the water rights, they get the land, because the land is valueless without water to make productive." Violent confrontations over land and water are not infrequent; the intensity of the battle for control of the land has ebbed and flowed but there has always been what De Vargas calls "a little guerrilla activity," meaning occasional shooting incidents, the tearing down of fences and the destruction of property.

Currently, a major confrontation is shaping up between the Velasquez family and rancher Bill Mandy whose land holdings include 250 acres of the Velasquez claim in them. Mandy is seeking to build a ski resort in the mountainous slope Torres Amarilla, but needs control of the irrigation ditches that run across the Velasquez land to supply the resort with water and to make artificial snow. Several times in the Velasquez family owned that after failing in various showdowns to obtain title to the land, Mandy made a deal with the elder Velasquez's lawyers for a "life estate," meaning that after their client's death, Mandy would be able to acquire the land. When the parent died, however, the children remained obstinate with gas



Rio Arriba clinic manager De Vargas

and insisted that only the lawyers and not the senior family members had agreed to the life estate. The issue is once again in the courts, and it is felt that the judgment will influence the outcome of current land struggles throughout the area.

"The survival of the little Spanish villages depends on access to water," says Larry Frank, an art and antiques dealer from the mountainous village of Arroyo Hondo. Frank argues that there is more at stake than simply a moral obligation to prevent the poor from becoming displaced and further impoverished. "When the Spanish village dies, everything that makes the way of life here so special dies with it. Development has already taken over Santa Fe and Taos," Frank argues. "Deserted villages have been turned into string towns. Now all that's left is three mountain villages, and it's a fight to save them." Frank speaks eloquently of the multitude of environmental dangers facing New Mexico—mining, with its voracious water consumption and accompanying pollution, radioactive waste from uranium mining and plans

Indian jewelry store at Santa Fe Plaza

to store nuclear waste in the empty reaches of the southern part of the state. A program is now under study to begin strip-mining coal close to the rim of Chaco Canyon, which Frank's wife, Alyce, describes as "the most important prehistoric site in the U.S." Efforts to save Chaco Canyon and the artifacts of the highly advanced cliff-dwelling Pueblo cities there have run into a double barrier in Ronald Reagan's Washington, the department of the interior, headed by James Watt, whom environmentalists consider to be public enemy number 1, not only control the Bureau of Land Management, which is the agency putting forth the plan for mining near Chaco, but also oversees the Bureau of Indian Affairs, where opposition to Chaco development is reportedly being stirred.

While industrialization of Chaco Canyon is still in the discussion stages, it is already happening at other sites sacred to native Americans. "Ingenues leaving in letters to a publisher going constantly while you were in church," says José Llorca, a Santa Clara Indian, of the mine from a geothermal drilling rig recently erected in the Jemez Mountains. The whole range is considered to be sacred by the Pueblo tribes, and their protests have temporarily succeeded in halting a \$60-million power project. "The white man moved the Indians out to what they thought were wastelands in the southwest," says Llorca, "but now it turns out that the greatest energy resources in the country are an land they thought was empty. We're still just a thorn in their side, and the issue is how to get rid of us."

Indian leaders are aware that great profits can be made by allowing exploitation of resources they control. Even in the Taos Pueblo, considered to be the most conservative and traditional of the

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19 New Mexican profiles, copies of *The Wall Street Journal* at on the desk of tribal officials. Yet there is still great resistance to give up any measure of control of the land. "The whole man is always talking about progress," says James Lopez, vice president of the Taos Pueblo. "But he never looks over his shoulder at the terrible things his progress is creating."

In response, developers argue that they are bringing new life to New Mexico's economy, and that Indians and Hispanics are enjoying greater prosperity as a result. "Look at the prices of Indian jewelry and you won't say these people are being exploited," is a common refrain, even by the well-meaning tourists who visit the pueblos. Yet the facts are that 69 per cent of New Mexico Indians still live below the poverty line, and the health care and other social services available to them are generally acknowledged to be woefully inadequate. R.C. Gierman, a successful Navajo painter from Tuba, believes that a balanced view of development and change is needed. "If they make the town ugly with Holiday Inns and McDonald's, that's not the worst thing imaginable. But certain things cannot change. You can't allow visitors to go mining a sacred mountain."

Whatever its problems with water, traffic and pollution, northern New Mexico still looks like a remote haven to the average big-city dweller, yet the region's future appears to be very much in doubt and a tense confrontation looms. Rubén Araya talks of the need for Chicanos and Indians to "go underground" to protect their culture. José Lereña says that if the coast system can't defend Indians' rights, more drastic measures will have to be taken. Fannie Cruz Aguilar has been thinking a lot lately about how Castro started off with only a handful of men and succeeded in making a revolution. John Nichols, a novelist who has lived in Taos for 12 years, believes much has been ruined by development. "You have the same preference kinds of oppression and destruction of people's culture here that you have everywhere, but here it's so much more out in the open. The town's so small and everyone knows each other. You might bump into the very guy who's trying to steal your water while walking across the plaza."

In *10 Moments* there is a portrait of his experience in Taos. Nichols reflected the feelings of many longtime residents of northern New Mexico.

If these moments die, where will our imaginations wander to?

And if the long-time people of this wonderful country are carelessly squandered by Progress, who will guide us to a better world? ☐

PROFILE: DEBBIE BRILL

The loneliness of the bionic mother

By Jane O'Hara

It is well past midnight in the one-night stand of indoor track-and-field meets. Debbie Brill, Canada's foremost high jumper, takes off two pairs of warm-up pants and reveals the legs that have inspired sports commentators across the land and have been genetically coated to leap tall buildings in a single bound. Although it is the

far to defy gravity requires a perfect balance of ironclad control and unfettered flight. Ready now, Brill begins a dusty sauge of dry steps and then rather the bar with long, lean strides, her angular arms slicing the air like scythes. As she jumps Pugh, in astonishment, "Debbie had great looks when she was pregnant." Unaware of the comment, Brill lifts her mark and converts her forward speed into a vertical force, pushing down, springing up and into her trademark backward bend with the speed of a trout flipping upstream. To night, however, Brill is off and runs three times at 1.90 m. After breaking her fist, she slowly gets back in to her truck and sits on the sidelines, only to watch a 20-year-old Los Angeles girl jump two metres and shatter her briefly held record. Brill smiles only, over the good sport, and when a microphone is pushed in her face for comment, she says, "I'll be back." When the reporter is gone, however, and Brill is left with the frustration she has known before, she simply lowers her head and mutters, "Goddamn."

At 29, "Brilla," as she is known to her friends, has been high jumping internationally for 14 years, a verrillide in amateur sport almost unheard of among North American athletes. But then, doing the unexpected has been a hallmark of Brill's career. In the 1972 Munich and 1976 Montreal Olympics, when the eyes of Canada were upon her as a medal contender, she bombed explosively. "She couldn't deal with the pressure of winning when she was expected to. She was getting the reputation of someone who could only jump in her backyard," says Pugh. In 1979, however, she faced the odds makers again by winning the World Cup in Montreal's Olympic Stadium with a jump of 1.96 m, establishing a Commonwealth record. Given her reputation for unpredictability, it came as no surprise to insiders when,



Brill with her baby: 'She loves being the dark horse'

final event of the night at Ottawa's Civic Centre, many of the 6,000 spectators have stands around to see Brill. Three weeks earlier, in January, she had leapt to a world indoor record of 1.99 m, a feat made all the more astounding by the addition of one spectator on the infield, Brill's five-month-old son, Neil Robert Day.

While her coach, Lionel Pugh, looks on, the bionic mother prepares to jump. She stands perfectly still, then leans down and stares at the bar, like a baseball pitcher trying to pick up the curveball, eyes fixed the entire time. She stands upright again, then her back bows from her pretty, fine-boned face and begins to shake out her supple thighs. A fierce look comes into her eyes, soon to be displaced by an almost meditative calm,

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In 1981 about two cents of each dollar Gulf received in Canada were paid in dividends to shareholders. The remaining 98 cents were used to run the company in Canada.

Over \$330 million was paid to Gulf Canada employees. Total capital and exploration expenditures were \$782 million, of which about half was used to explore for oil and gas.

To buy crude oil and other raw materials cost over \$2.5 billion. Included in this figure is \$551 million which went to buy crude oil from other countries. If Canada were oil self-sufficient, all of this money could go into the Canadian economy - another reason why successful oil explorers like Gulf should be encouraged to find new oil in Canada.

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J.C. Phillips, Gulf Canada's Chairman of the Board, comes from Metcalfe, Ontario. He went over seas with the R.C.A.F., studied law at Osgoode Hall. Here he is shown getting a running start on the slip.

cost about a billion dollars. \$322 million of this was paid to Gulf employees across Canada. From madroom staff to president and to chairman of the board, Gulf is run in Canada by Canadians. There are 11,000 people directly on the Gulf payroll. (More than three times this number - in service stations, farm centres, independent agents and distributors, for instance - indirectly earn their living working with Gulf.) The rest of the billion went for an almost endless list of material and services.

2. Exploration

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\$277 million. Much of this went into frontier exploration in the Arctic Islands, wells in the Beaufort Sea, drilling off Canada's east coast, including the promising Hibernia area off the coast of Newfoundland.

3. Crude Oil, Product and Merchandise Purchases

Why does a company that has been so successful in discovering oil have to buy more crude oil? To meet the demands of industries and customers we have to refine much more crude than our wells now produce. Most of this extra crude (together with product and merchandise purchases) is bought from other Canadian sources - approximately \$2.0 billion worth (including petroleum compensation charges collected by the federal government). However, we had to buy about 13% of our crude from other countries. This cost Gulf \$233 million which, together with the government's import compensation payment of



\$318 million, meant \$551 million was sent out of the country to buy these crude oil imports.

If Canada were oil self-sufficient, all of this money would stay in Canada.

4. Taxes

Federal and provincial taxes totalled \$597 million in 1981, about twice the company's profit. This does not include \$713 million of petroleum compensation charges paid on receipt of crude oil at refineries, considered to be part of the crude oil cost. As Gulf

Canada's profits are recycled in the Canadian economy, they provide for wages, salaries, continuing energy exploration and help our governments provide services, health benefits, highways, education and welfare.



The above numbers have been taken from Gulf Canada's 1981 financial data.

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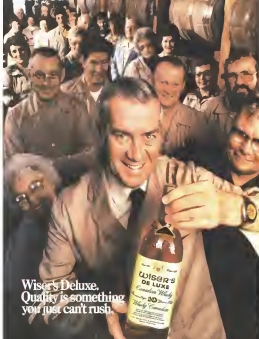
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five months after giving birth, Brill was back competing on the 35-meet indoor circuit with a baby in tow. She credits the baby for her high-level performance. "The baby has made me stronger and sturdier in some ways. I'm the type of person who can't perform well unless my emotional life is going well." But somehow it seemed typically perverse that Brill—five feet, 94 inches, and a weightlike 130 lb, by her own admission "in worse shape than I've been for years"—is jumping with such spirit and success. Says Debbie Van Riekel, a former Canadian pentathlete: "Debbie always loved coming out of nowhere. She has the ability of popping one and totally amazing people. She loves being the dark horse."

Like her backward approach to the bar, which revolutionized the sport and spawned many imitators, Brill's ascent on life has always been slightly unorthodox. In 1971, she raised eyebrows by speaking to the press that she had experimented with drugs and sex. "I didn't like the drugs-and-cookies image they had of me," she says. "I wanted them to know that athletes were normal people." Her charm and soaring instinct for a headline had earned Brill at the '72 Olympics in Munich when she walked around barefoot wearing love beads. Following her debut in '76, she quit the sport for almost two years in an attempt to find herself. Her journey of self-exploration took her tripping through California, she lived on a subsistence farm near Vancouver, B.C., and alternately washed dishes in a hotel and worked a factory conveyor belt when she needed money. In the fall of 1974, while enrolled at the University of Victoria, she lived in a tent on Vancouver Island, cooked meals over an open fire and studied mathematics by flashlight.

Brill no longer sports love beads, but she remains a '70s throwback both in her dress—blue jeans, a striped T-shirt and maroon coat which could have been plucked from the back of an Afghan freedom fighter—and in her way of life. She lives commune-style in a Barnaby, B.C., farmhouse with a no-dog, one-inch, 175-lb female American javelin thrower named Kate Schmidt, her sister, Connie Brill, who was once advocate at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas, the baby and her father, Greg Ray, a Vancouver musician with whom Brill has lived for the past nine years and does not intend to marry. The baby has made no difference to their long-held freedom to become sexually unbridled with other people, Brill says. "It's sometimes not that easy to see people you love involved with someone else, but feelings level out. You're not wild after nine years. I want Greg to experience more, not less, and he feels the same

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shoot me." Brill's liberal attitudes also encourage experimentation with drugs such as Milt and marijuana. "In 1978 I was jumping the same height all the time and it showed that everything was getting too straight, too controlled. I don't have strict bounds for myself. There wasn't anything I wouldn't try."

Like Margaret Trudeau, who brought a new look to politicians' wives, Brill has shown the public that female track stars need not be dull. Her friendly manner and wide-eyed, vulnerability—as times beguilingly reminiscent of her B.C. backwoods upbringing, at others a touch contrived—has helped endear her to the media. Her well-publicized eccentricities, however, have at times driven Canadian track officials to distraction, scared off corporate sponsors looking



Brill's famous backward style: I don't like the anti-and-cookies image!

for clean-cut athletes, and earned a certain amount of envy among her less celebrated peers. Says Pat Reid, the Ottawa meet director: "Everybody else had pet cats and dogs. Debbie had a pet shark. There's nothing wrong with doing your own thing, but you have to wonder why it always ends up on the front pages."

Brill may deny that she likes the media attention, but, in a certain way it has sustained her when five other relationships on or off the competitive circuit have. She decided to have a baby because, as she puts it, "There was something missing in my life." Although she stands to make about \$30,000 this year from prize winnings (she won \$4,000 in four meets alone), government subsidies and a possible publicity contract with Adidas, Brill leads an often lonely and fatiguing life.

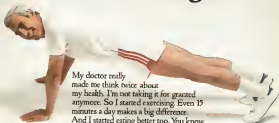
After spending a recent night in New York, she stayed up drinking beer till 3:30 a.m. waiting for friends who never showed. She shared a tacky hotel room with two other jumpers, one of whom slept on a floor mattress, then departed, leaving only a note by a table lamp, saying "Good luck, y'all." Of perhaps her closest friend on the circuit, American high jumper Dwight Stones, Brill says, "He's a great high jumper, but after that there's nothing there."

Perhaps the most curious of all Brill's relationships is with her coach of nine years, Lionel Park, a former Canadian Olympic team coach who now teaches kinesiology at the University of British Columbia. Park, 50, is recently separated from his wife, wears a black leather jacket and smokes heavily. Brill

herself admits that she doesn't like his coaching, but at times she has asked him to fly into Ottawa to give her technical help. When she complained to him in Ottawa that she was not feeling well and might not jump that night, he called her a "wimp." Of their relationship, which seems to be based on mutual antagonism, she says "I could dominate anyone who was weaker. I wouldn't want that."

Brill is now "heading to the end" of her career, which will probably culminate in the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics. It will mean more meets and endless four-hour workouts of running, long exercises and jumping. But at least there won't be quite as lonely as they once were. Beside her will be someone who could make it all seem worthwhile—even if he is in a jelly jumper. ☐

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CANADA

The spoilers and the bells they tolled

By Mary Jannigan

The persistent, nerve-shattering damage could have driven bats from the Point Tower belfry. Last week, the Commons division bells—which summon men to vote—rang uninterrupted and without result in an unprecedented marathon. To the hard-line Conservatives they were "the bells of freedom," pealing in protest against a federal plot to shove undigestible legislation down Parliament's throat. To the equally stubborn Liberals they were the shrieks of anxiety, the play of an election-starved Opposition to drown out freedom of speech. After 46 painful hours, most of the 100 bells were muted for humanitarian reasons, but the political discord continued unabated.

While men argued for talk-show resistance to plead their cases, the House of Commons remained paralysed in a bizarre procedural time warp that left proceedings frozen at 4:00 p.m., Tuesday, March 2.

The unprecedented war was triggered by the parliamentary debut of a 140-page omnibus energy bill. This extraordinary legislation awarded—and then tinkered with—several sets, repeals one, amends two others and creates four brand new

kitchen sink," into one politically non-sensical bundle.

For their part, the Conservatives first tried to avert the chaos. Last December, Andre promptly suggested to Lalonde that the great portions of the bill should be shunted away from the rest of the legislative junkie. In return he guaranteed speedy passage. Lalonde shot back with a counteroffer to split the bill—if the Conservatives agreed to limit debate on everything. When

what can be toned into an omnibus bill, Lalonde countered that the bill has the right thrust of energy security. He also charged that the Conservatives ought to expedite the attractive grant system while they delay the unpalatable tax portions to embarrass the government. Then, Commons Speaker Jeanne Sauvé dismissed Andre's argument as the grounds that she could not find grounds for his request. A furious Andre challenged Sauvé to exercise her right

to set a precedent. Finally, after a prolonged and futile skirmish, he moved that she vote on a motion to adjourn.

The traditional notion of adjourn was given a new twist, however, by the Conservatives. By long-standing practice both the government and Opposition whips must be present before a vote can be taken. The Conservative whip simply refused to return to the Commons. That play, in a turn, paralyzed the proceedings. No vote could be anything in the august chamber until the news voted on whether or not they wanted to stop Tuesday's debates. Unwilling to set a precedent on this point, either, Sauvé pleaded that she could do nothing. And while the Conservatives stewed grudgingly at their stasis, the bells changed their age-old summons to a vote.



Andre, cotton bolling and cardboard wedges on the longest Tuesday

Andre refused, Lalonde informed him that the bill would not be touched. "I felt like I'd offered to shoot my wife and he told me that I could do it if I also did the driveway and the porch," says Andre. "The next thing they'll do is whip up one bill to cover the whole session. If this goes through this way, I'd rather stay here. I've had it, I've had the house," he declares.

The bitter behind-the-scenes wrangle spilled onto the Commons floor as the beginning-of-the-end-for-the-employment-act debate unfolded. Andre, contending that the bill should simply be disallowed because there must be limits on

effect was again. Commons staffers showed some belling in their ears, slammed their doors and vainly tried to quell the bells with cardboard wedges. Public Works electrician took through the parliamentary corridors, charged with the task of repairing the overworked machines. Inside the chamber, Deputy Clerk Mrs. McNamee sat around-the-clock ring in the Speaker's chair—a traditional requirement while the House is still formally in session. "I'm not a politician, that I want to be at 6 p.m. and work up at 7 the next day," groaned Montreal Liberal ex-Power Minister McNamee, who from both parties launched a public relations blitz. The

Maclean's

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID HALL

Conservatives selected the novel tactic of bell-ringing because they privately believe that the public cannot grasp the complexities of the energy dispute. They reasoned that their "beats of freedom" theme would unite all voters who are distressed by high-handed Liberal practices. So they piously and respectfully recited lists of ranking Liberal sins, such as the expropriation of electric conversion, to anyone who wanted a microphone. Conservative House Leader Erik Nielsen insisted that his party would not return to the Commons until the Liberals set the ball afloat for negotiation, something that would occur at an election. He also argued that his should not be forced to a single "yes" or "no" on a complicated bill that spanned agreeable and disagreeable concepts. "The principle at stake is whether Canadians want to retain ultimate control of Parliament or whether it is going to become the personal property of the Liberal party and the personal tool of [Prime Minister Pierre] Trudeau to accomplish his aims," Nielsen muttered. "The Liberals are telling us to take off

The bell-ringing tactic united Tory dissidents and Clark loyalists, all exhilarated by the taste of Liberal blood

our handsets so we can slip into a straightjacket."

In return, the Liberals charged that the Tories were gagging everyone until they got their own way. This tactic died in fury. House Leader Yvon Fauriol accused the Conservatives of attacking the institution of Parliament because they were "afraid of the Senate's ruling. He argued that the government is responsible for the timetable and the content of Commons business. And he pointed out that the Conservatives are asking for equal power with the Commons when they try to dictate the Commons agenda. "This new kind of opposition is totally unacceptable," fumed Fauriol. "I cannot accept—because I respect the people of this country—I am going with a knife at my throat. There is nothing in particular they did that justifies someone being so childish and so irresponsible as to take Parliament as hostage."

Many Liberals, meanwhile, are convinced that the Conservatives simply want an election since the current polls indicate they would probably win. That's ironic, of course, since the last time House Leader Joe Clark lost a seat, last month Clark apparently lost control of the Quebec conservative wing of his party

at a weekend convention. The bell-ringing tactic has united the party dissidents and the Clark loyalists—some both sides are exhilarated by the taste of Liberal blood. Nielsen, a veteran fighter with a yen for the popular, has added to friends that "my job is to get this government defeated as soon as I can."

Although the episode seemed likely to be settled by a face-saving compromise, the disturbing consequences will echo long after the bells are stilled. The most immediate victims is the beleaguered Senate. Although renowned procedural experts such as St. Francis Xavier University political scientist Joan Stewart contend that she has the clout to order a vote, Stavis has probably defined to make more waves. At the same time the Liberals do not want to reinforce public myth of arrogance by refusing to set aside. Nonetheless, the Conservatives are convinced that her quick dismissal of Andre's request demonstrates a partisan approach to Commons wrangles and that could permanently damage her credibility.

The episode has also troubled many parliamentary experts who believe that both parties are disturbing long-standing democratic traditions. One senior cabinet minister admitted last week that even if Stavis's bill is strictly legal, it pushes the definition of parliamentary limits to their limits. Political scientist Stewart insists that the Conservatives have abused a traditional mechanism designed to prevent the defeat of a government through snap votes. "I just don't think people connected with our form of government—regardless of what they think of the government—will be very pleased," he says. The mutual provocation will keep tempers high and the parties at each other's throats when the energy bill is brought to the Commons.

Alone all, however, the face-off has diminished the dignity of all parliamentarians. Although Commons constitution did not function last week, 18 new and eight incumbent members managed to make their way to the Commons for weekend discussions with U.S. congressmen. And late last week, while the bells clanged, many were troubled to a lunch reception hosted by the Korean ambassador. "It's hard to get somebody to believe that you can solve this problem," Nielsen said when he can't decide how to get a bill before Parliament, "matters not House Leader Ian Dums Liberal MP Deniger adds that "Canadians are not passing judgment on the Tories or the Liberals or the CPM—they're passing judgment on parliamentarians and the integrity of all this." As the energy slide deepens into recession, Canadians may view it not as a tragedy but a farce. ☐



Women women were not legally persons

Poetic justice for the Supreme Court

There was a special symbolism in Modern Justice Society Wilson's appointment to the Supreme Court of Canada last week. It was not just a case of another nomination being passed by women. The Supreme Court is the institution that ruled within Wilson's own lifetime that women were not legally persons at all. Although that 1928 decision was quickly reversed by the Privy Council in London—the court of last resort for Canada—later cases would settle the Supreme Court's reputation as a place where women were not quite the equals of men. With Canadians still waiting to take possession of their own constitution (its last sought equal-rights protection), the Wilson appointment immediately altered the grim, masculine character of the country's highest court.

Despite the acclaim that greeted Justice Minister Jean Chretien's announcement of the cabinet's choice, Wilson's rise from the Ontario Court of Appeal had not been a sure thing. Chretien has been subjected for months to intense lobbying from the attorneys general of Ontario and Saskatchewan, each pressing his own favorites to succeed the retiring Mr. Justice Ronald Macdonald. Ontario's Roy McMurtry argued that he had the greatest chance of doing the job, provincial attorney general John D. Williams argued that he was the best person for the job. Chretien, however, instead recruited Mr. Justice William McIntyre

from British Columbia. As a result, Ontario has been one short of its traditional three-judge allotment. (Only Quebec, with its distinctive civil code, has a statutory quota of Supreme Court judges—three.) Saskatchewan's Roy Romanow, on the other hand, cited the tradition that Macdonald, as a westerner, should be succeeded by another judge from the region.

There had also been a less savory kind of opposition to Wilson herself from some elements of the legal establishment—a few lawyers discreetly telling Chretien that Wilson was weak in criminal law, that she couldn't work well with other judges on the nine-member court, or that the close fraternity of barristers would not accept her. Wilson's admirers put much of that down to sexist prejudice. Having made the usual soundings among lawyers and judges (and with Chief Justice Bora Laskin), Chretien successfully pushed her name through cabinet.

As the soft tone in her voice still hints, the 56-year-old Wilson was born and raised in the Lowland town of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, by the Firth of Forth. After receiving her M.A. at the University of Aberdeen, Wilson and her husband, John, emigrated to Canada in 1958—he to become a Presbyterian minister in the Ottawa Valley. Six years later they moved to Halifax, where Bertha enrolled at Dalhousie University law school. In 1969 she joined the large Toronto law firm of Oshes, Hodson and Stewart, where she eventually became a senior partner as the firm's research director.

Named to the Appeal Court in 1975—the first woman to make such judicial heights in Canada—she has since shown herself unafraid to convoke in the case of an East Indian woman complaining of discrimination by a community college that would not hire her, Wilson ruled that the woman had a right to sue for damages rather than just seek redress through the Ontario Human Rights Commission. When the case reached the Supreme Court last fall, the justices commanded the Wilson judgment "as an attempt to advance the common law." But the Laskin court still entertained the notion as grounds that "Canadian law is not a neutral entity for the victim of discrimination. Wilson also ruled for a little girl barred from a children's softball league reserved for boys. In that, she was rebuffed by two male justices.

Wilson's technical ability is unquestioned. Says Gordon Henderson, past president of the Canadian Bar Association, "She is a highly intelligent, hard-working, hard-headed woman with proven bar ability." Because of her expansive view of the law, she is thought likely to become an ally of the liberal Laskin in legal rights and dis-

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emancipation cases, Rankin nevertheless has often found himself in a dissenting minority against the court's conservative wing.

A stalwart among the conservative judges until faced by law to retire on his 70th birthday, Feb. 30, Martland is now off the bench but not quite out of the court building. He has until July to consider his options. At 68, however, he is headed by the court but not yet judged. Martland was named to the court by John Diefenbaker in 1966, and he has since heard an astonishing 1,789 recorded cases and written more than 500 judgments, concerning and dissenting against some 500 of those decisions. He has been civil rights proponent in the landmark 1971 *Wray* case, for one. Martland wrote for the majority in ruling that a trial judge has no authority to exclude evidence in a criminal case just because police obtained it illegally. Martland told *Maclean's* last week that his opinion is unchanged. "Letting criminals walk the streets is not a very satisfactory way to punish the police," he said.

New Justice Martland—out of two justices who found the Trudeau constitution package illegal without provincial consent—flew the idea of the proposed extended charter. Under it, the courts would enforce rights invoked by police, bureaucrats or even by the legislature and Parliament. "It curtails the power of Parliament and the legislature—putting it in the hands ultimately of a nine-man tribunal. I don't think that's desirable," declared Martland.

The sitting justice is especially critical of a charter clause that would permit a judge to throw out evidence if its use would "bring the administration of justice into disrepute." Rules of evidence and of police behavior should be made by legislatures, not judges, he says. At the same time, there must not be too much freedom the police can be in their cross-fighting. "Can police carry out their duties if they obey the rules of honor that would operate in an R.C.M.P. cricket game?" he asks. Armed with the dissenting terms of the proposed constitution, says Martland, "U.S. courts have created results that are appalling." There is, however, a far more conservative condition among Canadian lawyers and judges than prevails in the United States—where even the new charter is called a "bill of rights," says Martland. "I don't think the charter is going to change their habit of mind." More probably, the charter will encourage discreet assertions of judicial authority as judges across the country grapple with the new brothers and sisters of the *Lochner* era.

—JOHN HAY IN OTTAWA, with Dale Eiler in Regina and Percy Kover in Toronto

Danger and the National Dream

Todd Grignon stared, across his warty folds at the dismembered carcass of CP Rail's Train 405 and pondered a woeful future. The 22-year-old mine reloader, extended generously on loans of \$500,000, will soon know exactly how shaky his position is for eight weeks, when he can count the offspring of his 1,180 breeders. Their mating season was cut short last week when the T2-car derailed, carrying lethal hydrofluoric acid, sulphuric, phosphoric acid, and sodium cyanide. The train, then, a sharp whistle and a sound like somebody had thrown a match on a can of gasoline, on a very large scale. In Grignon's mind, a 220-m stretch of pass-darned derailed was from the explosion, the skid

Ronald Grignon, one of 1,180 people removed from their rural homes in Medicine Township, 115 km north of Toronto. "There was a noise like a truck hitting the train, then a sharp whistle and a sound like somebody had thrown a match on a can of gasoline, on a very large scale." In Grignon's mind, a 220-m stretch of pass-darned derailed was from the explosion, the skid



Grignon: the skiffish animals need crony

it might want away. Without this year's kiln—and there 3,000 supplies, diamond, blue, white and dark pellets—Grignon stands to lose up to \$300,000. Unless, that is, CP Rail agrees to pick up the tab.

The Canadians marked the bloodiest week for Canadian rail transport since November, 1970, when a derailed train with 245,000 people died the threat of chlorine gas leaking from a derailed CP freight train. Ironically, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Poirier was busily preparing a program report on post-Medicine Township rail safety improvements, scheduled for release last week, when news of the Medicine derailed reached him. The report's publication

has now been delayed due to "production problems," says ministry spokesman Geoff Scobee. The same weekend, two other CP trains, not carrying chlorine, jumped the tracks in British Columbia. For Poirier, and transport department officials who barely control each other with black-bordered gloves about what could happen next, the news got worse.

By midweek, after CP officials had blamed the Medicine accident on a 18-year-old faulty's broken wheel, 56 cars from a 36-car Canadian National freight hauled down a ravine in B.C.'s remote Blue River region, 180 km north of Kamloops. Sixteen cars containing ethylene dichloride spilled along the tracks, and up to 200,000 l of the toxic chemical spilled onto the steep slopes, at least some of it finding its way into the North Thompson River. Transportation CP spokesman Al Mead said he "suspects a broken rail was a factor."

Two days before CP Train 405 was brought up short, New Democratic Party MP Ian Deane had grilled Poirier in the Commons about inspection procedures for the transportation of dangerous commodities. "The problem is that, while the country waits for the minister to act, there is the distinct possibility that there could be a major catastrophe as any one of a number of Canadian municipalities," Deane warned.

For his part, Poirier is not lacking in advice. The Grignon commission report on the Medicine derailment was completed three years ago. In it, Mr. Justice Stewart Grignon recommended more stringent safety standards and inspection procedures, such as the installation of more "hot box" detectors—heat-sensitive devices that spot overheated wheels bearing the cause of the Medicine crash. Last week, a beleaguered Poirier was quick to point out that even if all the Grignon recommendations had been already in place, the broken wheel in Medicine Township would not have been detected. "The railway is under control," he asserted the House.

But the overriding sense of event in the wake of the Medicine derailment lurked up a cloud of doubt over CP's priorities in other than RFP circles—industrial or military. In Ottawa, the General George Taylor and Dr. David Kerr, Senate Canada's medical officer of health. After the fatal, laden with steel coils—total weight 65 tonnes—



CP's Train 405 derailed. Police, inspection extremely dangerous, may be fatal. Skin contact poisonous in case of doubt, evacuate

note from Burlington to Calgary, belated to cause the accident, Ontario Provincial Police advised evacuation of any homes in the immediate vicinity. Three Kern arrived on the scene and after studying the CP manifest he realized that a tanker of hydrofluoric acid lay somewhere in the burning wreckage.

Kern received detailed information from chemical companies about the 35 tonnes of acid ("Poison, highly corrosive, extremely dangerous, may be fatal. Skin contact poisonous. Inhalation if swallowed. May cause burns to skin and eyes. In case of doubt, evacuate," read part of Transport Canada's emergency definition of the tankerload). Kern conferred with site officials, including CP staff members, and issued an evacuation order covering an eight-kilometre radius. By the next morning the tanker had been located on its side in the smelting creek, and Kern agreed to reflect the evacuation zone to a 1.5-km radius.

Within two days CP's senior spokesman Steve Morris was arguing that "there had been some concern expressed by CP officials about the evacuation (and, presumably, any resultant company liability for costs borne by the residents)." If anyone believed they have a claim against CP Rail they are free to submit it, said Toronto-based CP spokesman Gene Gladky. "But we are not giving an undertaking to pay claims." The rail-

way still faces several lawsuits arising from the Medicine disaster, although it has voluntarily paid almost \$10 million in out-of-pocket expenses for the evacuation.

Meanwhile, a second derailed was brewing. Both Kern and Taylor advised against any use of the rail line until all wreckage had been cleared. Says Kern: "My feeling was that so far everything had been stabilized, but to bring up traffic through was simply adding an unnecessary variable to the situation." Within 48 hours of those official objections, CP had run 16 trains, one carrying acid, over the track at night. Asked why the company is so lax, the dilemma, Gladky said, "It is our railroad."

One of the prime concerns at CP's Blue River derailed site was the danger of chemicals seeping into the North Thompson River, and people in small towns in the area were warned not to drink tap water until testing is completed. "Some of the ethylene dichloride got into the river, but none of it is flowing directly from the cars into the water," said the railway's Mead. Five cars containing ethyl glycol, the principal ingredient in automotive antifreeze, fell into the river, but apparently did not leak. Kamloops (population 38,311) is less than 10 km from the North Thompson River, and Peter Karly, assistant manager of the Kamloops branch of the provincial emergency pro-

gram, beamed a sigh of relief that it "didn't get in [the water] closer to a larger metropolis."

Exposure to ethylene dichloride vapor can cause, among other risks, damage to the nervous, and poisoning over a period of months can lead to a loss of appetite, tremors and other illnesses. Dr. Christian Michel, a chemistry professor at the B.C. Institute of Technology, said that the chemical, used as a solvent and as a lead scavenger in antiknock gasoline, has also been known to cause cancer and malformation of fetuses in some animals, although the concentrations for various animals range widely. It is also highly toxic to fish.

As the Canadian Transport Commission dug into its inquiry of the remote spate of derailments, there remained one persistent and disturbing problem: the whole nature of Canadian railways. In the face of demands for more rail safety reviews, Poirier seemed to rely on conventional argument. Citing that Ottawa has no desire to impose regulations that would bankrupt the railways, he noted that "we have to keep a proper balance of preoccupation between safety and economic activity. That is the balancing act that is necessary." Much harder Todd Grignon was not alone in asking Ottawa to adjust that balance.

—LOUISA DIERCKX with Diane Leachman in Vancouver

The spectre of a new world trade war

By Leonard Michael

At first it seemed to be nothing more than a replay of the traditional bickering among the West's most powerful economic partners. But last week, and a drumbeat of ever-sharper economic criticism, the chorus of complaints about tight U.S. monetary policy was fast becoming a scream of pain—and anger. Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau suggested that the issue will be a "very, very difficult subject of discussion" at next week's economic summit in Versailles. That was among the milder remarks. Belgian Foreign Minister Leo Tindemans accused the United States of economic "aggression" in preparing up the dollar. French Trade Minister Michel Deleat agreed that finding ways to lower current interest rates "is at the heart of all our difficulties, past, present and future." West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt had already warned that if rates stay high, "one could easily turn this into a depression."

The sense of frustration is especially acute in Europe. Citing the impact of U.S. rates, the European Commission (EC) in Brussels last week shared the forecast of the 30-nation community's 1980 GDP growth to a sluggish 1.5 percent. Even that estimate hangs in a brisk rebound in the U.S. economy by midyear—an increasingly dubious prospect. Two million French faces will swell Europe's unemployment to 12 million before fall. Joblessness among the Continent's already retiree youth will reach 40 percent in many areas—comparable to the plight of ghetto teenagers in the United States.

That is potential dynamite for many governments. "The fabric of the economy and society is endangered," said Schmidt in Paris recently, where he and French President François Mitterrand proposed countermeasures if U.S. interest rates do not fall. However, all threats and appeals have fallen on deaf ears at Ronald Reagan's White House. When Belgian Prime Minister Wilfried Martens last month visited Washington to express Europe's worries he emerged from a presidential lunch to report: "Our solidarity is being put to the test."

The problem for Europe—and for Canada, too—is that the five-point fall in the American prime lending rate from last summer's 21.5 per cent peak has scarcely helped. Even at 14.5 per

cent, the U.S. prime is at a level once considered inconceivable during an economic downturn. At the same time—as Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker notes proudly—the fall in U.S. inflation (to an annual rate of 2.6 per cent) is outpacing the decline in interest rates and offering unprecedented returns on dollar-based investment.

The results for competing economies are devastating. In comparing attempts to win against the tidal flow, European and Japanese central banks are estimated by New York's Federal Reserve Bank to have dumped a gigantic \$1 billion onto foreign exchange mar-

kets in the six months to January. But the current sweeps on. The U.S. dollar remains close to record levels against its Canadian counterpart, the French franc, sterling and the yen. At the same time governments everywhere in the West are compelled to keep domestic interest rates at levels that are crushing productive investment.

Much as its decline in 1977-78 was self-reinforcing, so is the dollar's current strength. The U.S. economy has reaped the full gain of tanking world commodity and fuel prices. By contrast, even while credit chokes on surplus oil, the European and Japanese

economies have been struggling to pay for their fuel imports in dollars that must be bought with weakened home currencies.

Not surprisingly, European suspect that America's monetary policies are a subterfuge, but perhaps, form of economic warfare. Current sharp trade disputes on steel and agricultural goods merely enhance the impression. The suspicions are mutual—and range beyond monetary policy to issues as diverse as the proposed natural gas pipeline to Europe from the Soviet Union and relations with the developing nations.

For more ideologically committed than previous American administrations, the Reagan inner circle tends to regard Europe as a collection of semi-autonomous welfare states who are drifting steadily into the Soviet orbit. A palpable mood of neo-isolationism is growing within "Reagan America."

Against that already heated background, European and U.S. spokesmen see new trading charges over which side is responsible for the continuing economic malaise. Perfectly, the Europeans blame the \$100-billion-plus deficits that most U.S. forecasters believe Reaganomics are encouraging. But U.S. spokesmen counter that European governments, too, are enjoying huge profits that strain global capital markets.

The disputes are almost theologically abstract. But high rates are weakening havoc in the U.S. economy as well as abroad. The gap (unemployment, bankruptcies and downed car sales, lagging economic indicators, Wall Street) of last week alone further eroded the Reagan administration's political clout.

There is an increasing likelihood that the president's budget will be authorized and operated on by Congress soon. Something approaching a consensus in taking shape that interest rates have become an intolerable force. "A realistic" plan to cut the budget deficit, Fed Chairman Volcker promised Congress last week, could quickly lead to a fall of "several per cent" in its prime rate.

Whether that comes in time to heal the widening breach with Europe before the June summit, a continuation of the current drift seems a poor alternative. Last week's EC report, for example, suggested that if the United States allows its interest rates to drift up again, Europe should conduct a "radical revision" of its transatlantic monetary relationships. That could mean the imposition of strict exchange controls. Steps toward more extensive trade protection would almost inevitably follow. The result could be a world fractured into currency "wars" based on the dollar, Deutsch mark, and yen. For those with memories of the run-up to the Great Depression of the 1930s, that prospect is indeed a chilling one. ☐



A family facing the pinch in Attakapas: 'The recession has put it on its course'

UNITED STATES

The talk turns gloomy

For the moment, it is nothing more than an intimation, a faint straggling in the wind. But as the current U.S. recession deepens, an increasing number of economic prophets are beginning to hear murmurs, like the distant roar of thunder rolling across the sky. Unless new fiscal and monetary policies are quickly adopted, many economists are now saying the recession may well become a full-blown depression.

To be sure, portions of economic disaster are few and highly contentious, and the depression scare is still very much a professional anxiety. Yet even such respected figures as Alan Greenspan, a Reagan administration adviser, now concede that "shilling economics" can no longer be dismissed as useless.

Technically, depression occurs when the unemployment level stays at 10 per cent for a prolonged period. By that

measure, the nation's housing and auto industries are already in depression. The rest of the U.S. economy is not far behind. Last week, unemployment reached 8.6 per cent, and most labor analysts predict it will soon top nine per cent.

The labor statistics capped a week of disheartening economic news. Home sales plunged almost 30 per cent to their second lowest level in 20 years. The big three automakers registered a further decline in new car sales and promptly made plans to slash production. The consumer department's index of leading economic indicators recorded its ninth consecutive monthly drop.

Faced with such grim tidings, presidential candidates seek out tolerant economists. And Ronald Reagan spent much of his week doing just that, promoting his budget and new federalism proposals in Cheyenne, Wyo., Albuquerque, N.M., and Los Angeles, Calif. Citing the declining rate of inflation, lower interest rates and higher savings, the president insisted that his "medicine is beginning to work" and that the nation's economy is "passed for recovery."

Perhaps so. But in Washington, administration officials seemed anxious to temper Reagan's native optimism. The current downturn will be far worse than envisioned in earlier forecasts, "admitted" deputy treasury secretary

Volcker: keeping the eye fixed firmly on inflation



Europe's unemployed march 'a subtle form of economic warfare'



tary Richard McNair, Commerce secretary Malcolm Baldwin, taking solace from signs that the bottom of the slump may be near, nevertheless confirmed, "The recession has yet to run its course."

Few areas of the country or sectors of the economy have escaped the ravages of recession. But its impact has been most apparent in recent labor-management contract negotiations. In an agreement that may become the model for the car industry, the United Auto Workers last month reached a 2½-year accord with Ford that rules as much as \$1 billion in wages and benefits in return for job security. And last week, Teamster President Roy Williams welcomed as a "strong and promising settlement" a new 37-month contract for truck drivers and warehousemen that freezes wages at current levels.

Most analysts now believe the recession will endure at least through the summer, unless there is a dramatic fall in interest rates. But with the Federal Reserve committed to a tight money policy, and with the president holding fast to his 1985 tax-cut legislation, there is no early prospect of interest rates easing. Thus the recovery—when it comes—may be checked off.

At the same time, business failures are running at 60 per 10,000—more than double the 1979 level. The nation's thrift industry, with 50 per cent of its assets tied up in low-yield mortgage loans, is confronting a major shakeout. Its members last week asked Congress for \$10 billion in immediate aid, warning that 1,000 savings-and-loan institutions may otherwise be forced to merge or close. While no one is predicting a 1930s-like depression—where unemployment hit 25 per cent and the gross national product dropped 50 per cent in four years—many fear that a major collapse could occur.

Others discuss such dangers. "The system is extremely unbalanced," says Lucie Task, chief Washington economist of Chase Econometric Associates Inc. "If the standard forecast of a spring recovery is wrong, the system is in a bind. It will be on the side of pessimism." Task notes that disposable income is down slightly from pre-recession levels, and a 16-per-cent tax cut this July should give the economy a real stimulus.

Celebrating his 20th wedding anniversary in California last week, the president accidentally rejected the depression scare, as did Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker. Still, simply raising the rates, the Federal Reserve was giving another glow-up to the current economic malaise—and their rising fears about the prospects for recovery.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington.

The mandarins' frustration



King Abdullah: the search for a cure, King Hussein, princess Haya, princess Haya.

Consider Finance Minister Allan Rock's case. He may only have been investigating an option that could be used in a future economic emergency. But recently, after a series of hammer blows to the country's already buffeted economy, he turned for help to Robert Royce, 70, a gifted former mandarin who was a member of Margaret King's wartime currency control team. And MacKenzie wanted to know whether draconian currency controls might again be used to stave in an estimated \$100 billion in corporate and personal bank accounts in order to cushion the economy from the effects of high U.S. interest rates. No, said Royce firmly. Even during the periodic war years, the leader looked like a sieve as Canadians sought a higher return on their money by investing it in the United States.

MacKenzie's inquiry was a measure of the frustration of senior ministers who are grappling with the double whammy of high interest rates and unimpeded inflation. For Canada, it is a relatively new experience. The country emerged virtually unscathed from the recession of the mid-'70s by cutting taxes. Today's economists tend to view that move by then finance minister John Turner as a lapse of discipline that resulted in sharply higher wage settlements—and wage and price controls in 1978. Such controls are now ruled out by Ottawa's economic planners. Ordering unions to accept eight-per-cent settlements while inflation is running at 12 per cent could lead to riots, they sug-

gest. Allowing wage settlements at 12 per cent would not help at all.

The crisis of the mid-1970s seen simple in today's terms. Now, even rumors can shake the nation's economic foundations. One, in mid-February, had the Bank of Canada deciding to let interest rates fall below the American standard—and giving their approval to a devaluation of the Canadian dollar. Between Feb. 18 and 27, Canadian interest rates did hover slightly beneath the American rate. But on Feb. 17, with the Canadian rate a full percentage point lower, a wave of selling in Europe forced the Bank of Canada to intervene.

As a result, last weekend Canada's interest rates were pushed a safe 1.5 percentage points higher than those in the United States. Not all things economic are gloomy, however. The more fact that the "spread" between U.S. and Canadian interest rates is so slim holds out some hope a year ago, it was four percentage points. And Canadian businessmen appear to see some kind of silver lining. Investments in manufacturing companies still rise by 10 per cent in 1983, according to Statistics Canada. In the darker side, however, the potential collapse of the Alouette project, as the March 31 deadline approaches, could wipe out an investment of nearly \$14 billion. That is roughly equal to what all Canadian manufacturers plan to invest in 1982. In the face of such treasury difficulties, MacKenzie is likely to seek more help from even more quarters in the future. □

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Only the whisper of a plot

It was only a seven-line item in "Washington Whispers"—the page in the weekly *U.S. News and World Report* that is filled with speculation, political gossip and rumors. But to Canadian ambassador Robert Weinman (D)—Pravda Valley West! It was the "sensitively reported," he needed to confirm some information he had received. As a result, an East German airliner was stopped last week and searched by the RCMP at Gander airport in Newfoundland.

Weinman, a member of the Commonsense Movement and ex-cited affairs committee (he is co-chairman of disarmament, has traveled a lot. In recent years he has traveled Southeast Asia, Africa and Central America. "You must all kinds of interesting people," he told Macdonald, "some of them with a lot of information. You have to discuss 90 percent of the stories, but I have been hearing one particular story from various sources and I believe it."

The account he heard was that El Salvador's guerrillas were getting their Western weapons from the Soviet Union, which was buying them on the open market, then reporting them via Nicaragua and Cuba—with a refueling stop at Gander. But in order to do something about it, says Weinman, he needed some thing more solid to go on.

That turned out to be the *U.S. News and World Report's* Whispers. The item, in the Feb. 15 issue, read: "The U.S. has learned that, besides shipping military supplies to Nicaragua through Cuba, the Russians are now flying arms di-

rectly to the Sandinista government in the capital of Managua after refueling stops in Newfoundland."

Arrived with this report, Weinman three times challenged External Affairs Minister Mark Macdonald to provide an explanation. Each time the answer was the same: "He told me he was confident that no weapons were being smuggled aboard planes stopping at Gander," said Weinman. "But he had not checked." As the air brought the matter up in the Commonsense Movement again denied any knowledge of smuggling. But shortly after, he signed an order for a spot check, and last last week the actor escaped fruitlessly from an Interplay Upson-68 on route from East Berlin to Havana.

In fact, the same sources who talked to Weinman (he will not say so directly, but they are almost certainly from U.S. intelligence) had also been talking to the Canadian government. The CIA told the RCMP of its suspicions about East German airplanes at Gander two months ago, Macdonald has learned. The information was passed on during informal discussions. *U.S. News and World Report* may also have received its Whispers from the same source. U.S. intelligence is moving under intense pressure to provide evidence to support Secretary of State Alexander Haig's charge of Soviet intervention in El Salvador.

Last week's events panicked Washington heads of a similar episode during the 1973 Cuban intervention in Angola. Then U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger suggested to Canadian journalists that it might be worth their while to investigate whether or not Cuba was using Gander as a refueling point for its troop carriers. In fact, six Cuban aircraft had stopped in Gander over a period of a year (the actual arrival of 40,000 Soviet troops would have necessitated access of flights). There was no evidence of their ultimate destination, nor, were as search was made, of their cargo. Last week's investigation was slightly more (it was not an exhaustive operation revealed the Tyrannid's camp to be 10 tonnes of auto parts and school textbooks).

—WILLIAM LOWMYER in Washington



Begin, Mitterrand's flying time

MIDDLE EAST

Memorable visit forgettable week

For true-well-lashed Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, it was a true flight with tension and danger. And as the April deadline for the peace handover to Egypt passed, Begin last week was clearly flying the pressure. At one point he was forced to leave a dinner for visiting French President François Mitterrand because of illness. Then he decided to spend the night meeting and undergoing tests at Jerusalem's King David Hotel. The strains obviously had taken their toll.

Begin was asked under a hammer-blow series of crises. The Israeli leader began the week by ordering Defense Minister Ariel Sharon to attend the agonizing task of clearing reluctant Jewish squatters out of the Sinai. Hours later, he was receiving Mitterrand, who insisted on arguing the case for a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza strip. At the same time, Israeli war vessels, fighter planes and artillery units were making themselves so conspicuously visible in southern Lebanon that talk of war flared in the Arab press.

The Israeli show of force, which has been developing for almost a month, is expected to all-night fight by Israeli troops in Lebanon's Christian enclave—



Squatter evictions in Sinai: nothing to fear in an attack

poorly visited hearing range of Palestinian strongholds. One local United Nations report indicated a clear provocation, and even the Palestine Liberation Organization was campaigning to avoid a confrontation. PLO chief Yasser Arafat has been making trips almost weekly to bases in southern Lebanon to train in troops who, in a moment of nervousness or anger, might respond to Israeli provocation.

For his part, Arafat, commander of Palestinian guerrillas in the south, announced that his forces will adhere to the ceasefire arranged by U.S. envoy Philip Habib last July after 15 days of fighting. The Palestinians have admitted killing reinforcements to the ceasefire zone since July, but diplomats and UN observers dismissed Israeli claims that the PLO has violated its weaponry with the aid of 800 missiles provided by Arab states.

Haib's arrival on his fifth Middle East peace mission last week did nothing to defuse the tension. U.S. colleagues suspected that he did not want to make the trip but that he had been ordered after a personal appeal from President Ronald Reagan. After a grueling week of travel to Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, the diplomats indicated that even if Haib's efforts had been in talking to the press, he would have been talking of late to report.

The Palestinians fear an Israeli attack because they believe that Israel would have little to lose and much to

gain from an offensive. Besides weakening the Palestinians—who have begun to take on the appearance and effectiveness of a conventional army—an attack would serve to test the sympathies of Israel's Egyptian "allies."

Israel has several reasons to do just that. A recent trip to Oman by President Hosni Mubarak—the first visit by an Egyptian leader to Arab capitals since the Camp David accords were signed in 1979—and reports of secret meetings in West European capitals between Egyptian and Arab diplomats have increased Israeli suspicions that Egypt will be "lost" after transfer of the Sinai. Not only that, Egypt recently accused Mubarak over his long period visit to Israel. The Israeli leader insisted that Mubarak go to Jerusalem as part of the visit and that it should take place before the April 25 deadline for complete Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai. That presented Mubarak with an impossible choice, and the trip has been put off indefinitely.

Now, an Israeli invasion of southern Lebanon would have the same effect. Mubarak could not condemn it without angering the Israelis—and making it the land transfer. Nor could he watch silently while his Arab brethren were humiliated without endangering his rapidly improving status among them. But if Begin was creating problems for others, the removal of Israeli settlers from the Tullit settlement in Sinai was a tense moment internally. Fortunately for strained Israeli nerves, the evacuation went off later than expected—only a handful of supporters answered the squatters' appeal for a mass demonstration.

The Mitterrand visit was also successful despite Begin's faltering health. The French leader tempered his support for a Palestinian state by conceding that the Palestinians have no place at the bargaining table until it recognizes Israel's right to exist. In reply, Begin related all the reasons why Israel will never negotiate with the PLO. But as the French president pointed out at a news conference, "What has changed in Franco-Israeli relations is my position."

—ERIC FLEISHER in Tel Aviv, RONN WRIGHT in Beirut

SOVIET UNION

The rumors of room at the top

After 18 years of unchallenged authority, a first-looking Leonid Brezhnev appeared to be in an unusually vulnerable last week. And an unprecedented succession of events suggested that major changes may be in the air. In the aging hierarchy that runs the Soviet Union, for one thing, the strong rumor mill of Moscow suggested that Brezhnev's daughter, Galina, could be implicated in a bizarre scandal involving circus performers and alleged illegal trafficking in diamonds. For another, the 75-year-old Communist party leader and state president was openly ridiculed in an official publication. Then, he was reported to have sat through a play that suggested to his face there were shortcomings in his rule. Finally, on television, Brezhnev was shown sweeping openly over the death of an obscure army general.

By the tough standards of the Soviet Union that was a sign of weakness. Adding to the speculation surrounding Brezhnev were rumors last week that he had died. But he subsequently appeared on television in a Kremlin room playing through it all. Brezhnev played host to Polish military leader Wojciech Jaruzelski, who returned home with the



Brezhnev (left) Brezhnev, wild smiling



Haig (left) Macdonald, speculation, gossip and rumor

Kremlin's approval of his offer to let dissident Solidarity members go into exile if they wished. But internal Kremlin watchers were unanimous in the belief that Brezhnev had never seemed to have such a weak grip on power. And his apparent decline has been accompanied by the sudden rise in the hierarchy of Konstantin Chernenko, a youthful-looking 50-year-old, strengthening the view that Brezhnev's leadership may now be under challenge.

Signs of a decline in Brezhnev's status began with the opening of an investigation of Russia's top circus administrator, Anatoly Kolomoiev, and a flamboyant show business character known around Moscow as "Born in the Circus." Both are friends of the virtually 30-year-old Gorbachev.

As speculation mounted over the affair's significance, a satirical article in the Leningrad-based magazine *Azov* drew a thinly veiled comparison between Brezhnev and Hitler, calling an aging writer who was taking a long time dying. Then it was announced that Brezhnev had attended a controversial play at the last months of Lenin. Then Fr. Wit Mita, by the well-known playwright Mikhail Shatrov, took

Kremlin watchers were unanimous in the belief that Brezhnev never seemed to have such a weak grip on power

on such potentially sensitive subjects as the danger of the Communist Party losing touch with the people—a charge often leveled against Brezhnev.

The series of events cast a deep shadow of political uncertainty over Brezhnev. Foreign diplomats believe that Chernenko now holds increasing influence behind the scenes. A senior provincial official whom he met in Moldavia some 30 years ago, Chernenko became Brezhnev's effective chief of staff in 1967. He was elevated to full membership in the Politburo. Some observers say Chernenko lacks the power base to aspire to supreme leadership. But his recent rise is undeniable. Until a year ago he ranked fourth behind Brezhnev, ideologue Mikhail Gorbachev, who died recently, and Andrei Kirilenko, a senior Politburo member who looks after heavy industry. But in the weeks since Kirilenko's death, Chernenko has clearly leapt right into the number 1 seat. Now, observers are watching for him to step out himself from behind his aging patron.

—RUTH CHARNICK in Moscow



Matthöffer (left) and Chancellor Schmidt: the scandals followed in quick succession

WEST GERMANY

One scandal follows another

Even in such a scandal-prone city as Bonn it was a stunning development. Last week, residents of the West German capital had finally begun to come to terms with an announcement that two senior ministers were under investigation for bribery. Then they learned that a treason case had been opened against a leading security official. Then Langemann, the 55-year-old former spokesman, saw what some duties in the Bavarian interior ministry, was accused of providing state secrets to the establishment, leaving monthly, *Zinselt*.

The Langemann case was the third major sensation to rock Bonn in a month. The first was the leveling of charges of theft and tax evasion against the houses of a huge housing concern in Düsseldorf run by the German Trade Union Confederation. This came further tax fraud allegations, this time against Finance Minister Hans Matthöffer and his cabinet colleague, Economics Minister Josef Otto Luchsdorff. The Bonn prosecutor's office disclosed that it was investigating charges that the two men had granted the giant Flick industrial group tax exemptions as a 1960 as part of a return for financial and unspecified contributions to the funds of the partners in the governing coalition—the Social Democratic (SPD) and Free Democratic (FDP) parties.

The case against Langemann followed publication by *Neue Zeit* of statements attributed to him about the activities of the BND, the German secret service. Langemann, who worked for the BND for 13 years until 1970, is reported to have said that it played an agent in former U.S. president Richard Nixon's resignation in 1969 in order to obtain special considerations for Bonn. On another occasion the CIA was per-

sued to cover up documents in American archives linking former chancellor Konrad Adenauer with the Nazis.

Last week, Langemann was suspended from his military post at his own request pending the result of an inquiry. That, however, promises to be shorter and less pertinent to current matters—the alleged events occurred more than a decade ago, when the present conservative opposition held power—than the Matthöffer-Luchsdorff affair.

That scandal concerns not only the two ministers—the first an arm and stand, the second an FDP honorary—but also Manfred Labermann, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's principal aide. Five prominent figures in banking and industry are also alleged to be involved. All those named last week strenuously denied any wrongdoing and Schmidt, after asking each for a written declaration of innocence, put his full weight behind them. But their positions looked somewhat shaky after Eberhard von Breuchlinch, deputy head of Flick, announced he was standing down as an official of the Federation of German Industry.

The Flick case goes back to 1970 when von Breuchlinch, one of the country's foremost business brains, sold off a 29-percent share in Daimler-Benz. The 1960 affair would certainly have been heavily taxed, but Flick was an exemption—quite legal under German law—by retaining the money in sectors deemed specially beneficial to the economy. What was less kosher, say opponents of the deal, was that Flick's contributions to party coffers then increased sharply.

Proving a link will be a long and probably impossible task. Meanwhile, the smelt of scandal hangs over Bonn.

—PETER LEWIS in Bonn

KAMPUCHEA

The rape of Angkor Wat

In the United Nations, it is "a precious and unique work of art." To the Khmers, the people of Kampuchea (Cambodia), it symbolizes "past greatness and future survival." But to doctors in neighboring Thailand, Angkor Wat is an endangered treasure-house ripe for stripping on behalf of rapacious foreign clients.

The complex of temples and palaces, spread over hundreds of square miles north of the Kampuchean capital, Phnom Penh, has rarely been out of danger in its 600 years it has regularly been sacked and pillaged by invaders and abandoned to the jungle. But in the past 12 years, during the successful Khmer Rouge revolution and the subsequent Vietnamese occupation, it has probably suffered the worst onslaught in its history.

Angkor's curator, Poth Keo, says he can only guess at recent depredations. "We have no archives, no plans, no records," he says. "The Khmer Rouge destroyed them. But in the Gallery of a Thousand Buddhas there are 23 statues left."

Poth Keo, a French-trained archaeologist, was appointed in 1971. But the Khmer Rouge prevented him from entering the temple for five years. When he did, he found the piled debris from statues they had smashed. Much of what remained was sent to the Thai border to be bartered for salt and other necessities.

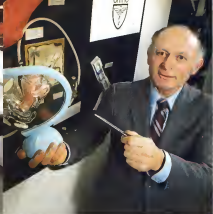
Looting has been one of Angkor's fates ever since the West discovered it. In 1922, French writer André Malraux backed nearly a tonne of carvings from one temple. Since 1970, however, the temple has increased refugees leading for the Thai border take small carved heads—a sort of trader's change. Other thefts are organized. At least one truckload of antiques has been intercepted on its way to Thailand.

It is clear that only international action can save Angkor. A massive restoration and protection program is needed. And no group other than the United Nations Economic, Social and Cultural Organization, the Red Cross or the cultural world, can raise sufficient money to do the job. If the funds are not forthcoming, the destruction will continue. "A kilo of gold for a kilo of stone, that is what the dealers on the Thai border are offering for our statues," says Poth Keo. "How can we fight that?"

—PAUL QUINN-JONES in PHNOM PENH

Angkor, Bayon temple (right): its past grandeur, future survival





COVER

Living without the Pill

By Linda McQuigg

At 8 a.m., Dr. Fred Faltus picks up the phone. He thought he was a crank call—a gruff, scratchy voice piping at him from the other end of the phone. But it turned out to be something more ominous—the tortured voice of his 30-year-old daughter, Betty Jans, desperately gasping for air. She had woken in a fourth event with pains in her chest and back and she was barely able to breathe. Dr. Faltus quickly picked her up and delivered her to the emergency ward of Toronto General Hospital. It was the beginning of a long and painful ordeal that saw Betty Jans hospitalized for 24 months. Diagnosed pulmonary embolism, or blood clots in the lungs. Probable cause: the Pill.

Three years later, Betty Jans Faltus has made a complete recovery, but she will never go back on the Pill. Stories such as hers, while rare, have led physicians of North American women to turn their backs on the birth control method that was once hailed as their liberator.

Pill sales in the United States, where statistics are available, have dropped by more than 25 per cent since their heyday in the early 1970s. Across Canada, doctors and doctors report a similar disenchantment. Once the most widely used contraceptive in Canada, the Pill is losing ground to the old "barrier methods"—condoms, diaphragms and the intra-uterine cervical cap—which stop sperm with a physical barrier in the vagina rather than by altering the body's delicate internal workings.

The search for alternatives is intensifying rapidly. An estimated 45 to 55 per cent of couples practicing birth control now use the condom (compared to 30 to 35 per cent 10 years ago), making it almost certainly the most widely used method in Canada. Sales of diaphragms, which almost disappeared from the contraceptive market in the late '70s, have climbed about 15 per cent annually in the past five years. Demand for diaphragms became so great last summer that Calgary actually ran out of them for six weeks. And the revival is making such a successful return

that a Toronto clinic will no longer put names on the waiting list for fittings. "A lot of women feel that the most readily available methods of birth control just aren't that safe," concludes Margaret Birch, a Toronto birth control counsellor. "Women really feel up against the wall."

The flight from the Pill is certain to have far-reaching consequences. Initially, it may give women more control over sex. While the Pill gave women the biological option to have sex more freely and frequently, ultimately it may not have liberated them as much as is conventionally believed. In many cases, as we get women under great pressure to have sex—sex when they didn't want to—simply because it was safe and convenient.

Now, as women move back to the barrier methods, which involve planning, motivation and greater risk, they may be regarding their right to say no. Concomitant, an editor of the women's health magazine *Healthwatch*, also suggests that barrier methods may make women more selective, more

Knee-deep with birth control devices (left), busy with model of uterus (right), Faltus: 'Up against the wall'

demanding sexually and less likely to accept "routine 18-minute sex after the hockey game."

The changes for men are also dramatic. They are finding themselves abruptly drawn back into the birth control equation. And that can be a shock to males who for the past 30 years simply have not had to worry—or even think about—birth control. The new, more co-operative approach to birth control may enhance male relationships but introduce tensions into others if men are not keen to accept their new responsibilities.

But as couples move into the post-Pill era, they are finding a surprising lack of good contraceptive alternatives. The growing interest in the barrier methods has not been shared by doctors, drug companies and government agencies that determine which methods will be developed and promoted. Virtually no research money has gone into enhancing these methods, even though technological breakthroughs in the past 30 years have made dramatic improvements feasible. Instead, massive amounts of research and development money have been, and continue to be, channelled into other hormonal contraceptives and devices placed inside the womb. As a result, more than a decade after comprehensive British studies es-

tablished the health dangers of the Pill, the barrier methods remain virtually unchanged from what they were 60 or 80 years ago. "At the rate of research now, it will be at least another 40 years before there's much news," says Dr. Faltus. Most of the federal government's Bureau of Medical Devices "The barrier methods are definitely on the back burner."

The Pill first came onto the North

As women move back to the barrier methods, they may become more selective and more demanding sexually

American market 21 years ago, quietly overturning a basic biological rule that had made sex throughout human history a riskier venture for women than for men. Rich control had been granted for coexistence—everything from 17th-century condoms made of fish membrane to home-made pessaries of dried beaver testicles brewed by 19th-century New Brunswick Indian women. But the Pill was the first to deliver virtually fail-proof guarantees.

However, the dream of a no-strings-attached answer to the birth control dilemma turned out to be just that—a dream. Studies began to link the Pill to a string of serious medical conditions previously almost unheard of in healthy young women—strokes, heart attacks, thrombophlebitis, liver tumours. A bizarre range of other problems also emerged—vomiting, migraines, depression, bleeding gums, dark brown blotches on the face, even hair growth on the chest. Nancy Poirie, a 38-year-old drug addiction counsellor in Toronto, developed a patch of heavy, dark hair on her chest shortly after she started taking oral contraceptives in sex. "I was taking pills so I could be sexually active," recalls 38-year-old Lorna Zaback of Vancouver. "But I stopped wanting to have sex. It was ridiculous. I used to stand on the street and scream."

As stories of damaging side effects grew in number, the Pill became another victim of the public's growing suspicion of chemicals and unnatural products that alter the body's chemistry. The new lower-dose pills—the doctor's attempt to improve the product—largely less with the body's inter-

on workings than those sold in the Pill's heyday. But even in low doses, the hormones in the Pill end up affecting just about every organ and tissue in the body long-term use is "like throwing a dynamite stick into the system," says urologist Toronto physician Dr. Gerald Green. Because the Pill affects so much of the body, Green thinks it is nearly impossible to develop an oral contraceptive without side effects.

The same reasoning applies to the much-wanted, long-desired male pill. It is still being developed but, like the female Pill, it affects many systems in the body. Men have become particularly nervous by reports that side effects include a reduction in sex drive. Says Dr. Albert Parlow, an endocrinologist at the Pituitary Hormone Center in Torrance, Calif., "Under no circumstances would I allow my hormones to be reduced by a preparation that has side-effects of effects beyond the specific aim of making spermatozoa."

The general wariness of all "interfering products" has also led to a move away from the IUD (intrauterine device). After the first alarming reports about the Pill, women turned to the IUD as the logical alternative only to find it had a long, if not widely known, history of problems. As reported inside the womb, the IUD can cause serious internal infections, sometimes resulting in sterility.

Still, despite growing public resistance against the Pill and the IUD, government funding continues to be concentrated heavily on hormonal and chemical birth control methods. Out of a total of \$195 million spent worldwide on all aspects of reproductive and contraceptive research in 1979, less than \$1 million—less than one per cent—went toward the barrier methods. The vast majority of funds were spent instead on research and development of female hormonal contraceptives: improved pills, subdermal implants, injectables, intrauterine systems and sub-uterine systems. The World Health Organization's most recent summary of contraceptive research lists dozens of such projects, as well as research into improved IUDs, but does not even mention barrier methods. Dr. Bruce Schacter, a biologist who heads New York City's Population Research Centre, says the bias has been explained partly by the fact that the scientists doing the research

have been trained in biology and medicine. "They have had little to do with synthetic materials and the development of devices," he explains.

For its part, the pharmaceutical industry, which profited heavily from the expanding Pill market in the '60s, has been reluctant to make the necessary investments to improve the barrier methods. That is probably because any improved product would only have the effect of further undercutting the lucrative Pill markets. Despite the dramatic drop in the number of Pill prescriptions filled in 1980 compared to



Goings with moulded cervical cap, so agonizingly out of reach

1976, revenues from U.S. Pill sales rose from \$158 million to \$220 million because of price increases in the same period. In Canada, oral contraceptives are now a \$50-million-a-year business, one of the biggest-selling drugs. As New York pharmaceutical industry analyst Richard Scherer puts it, "The decline is growing slowly."

With so little money going into barrier method research, it is not surprising that there have been few advances since the turn of the century. "There are with the spermicide gels, and barrier control is back in the Dark Ages," complains Lisa Yvonne, a counsellor at Toronto's Haste Free Clinic. The idea has persisted that the simple barrier methods are about as good as they could be. "How much can you improve on a substance?" asks Perry Skov, president of Orthe Pharmaceutical (Canada) Ltd., the largest contraceptive manufacturer in the country. To which contraceptive expert Scherer replies, "Quite a lot."

The condom is a good example. It has been made out of latex rubber since the late 17th century, even though synthetic polymers developed in seroprene and plastics research in the 1940s and '50s

would make a far more satisfactory product. Scherer says a synthetic condom would be thinner but stronger and would actually transmit a woman's body heat and moisture. (Sperm, however, would not be able to escape, since it is made of larger molecules.) Similar to products now produced for burns and skin grafts, a synthetic condom would feel more like another layer of skin.

The difference is semantics would be "dramatic," says Scherer. But although Orthe's sister company in the United States has held patents for a synthetic condom since the 1950s, the company has not yet brought one onto the market. Skov says research is continuing but he cannot estimate when one might be introduced.

Disputed by large multinational firms, the contraceptive industry has shown itself slow to improve barrier methods unless provoked by a dynamic new competitor. The only significant innovations in condoms came about in the mid-1970s because a Swiss-German company, Amor Gummiwaren, suddenly broke into a market that for years had been controlled almost entirely by three large multinationals—Orthe, London Rubber Company and U.S.-based Arkwell.

Amor Gummiwaren merely replaced the lubricant that many consumers put on condoms with spermicide, so that the awkward, madon-glam-spermicide method could be reduced to a simple one-step procedure. The new product cornered a large part of the German market almost immediately. London Rubber quickly followed suit with its own version, which became the number 1 seller in Britain within a year and a half.

A spermicide condom should be available in Canada shortly, after its approval was held up by Canadian authorities for about four years. A small Quebec importing house tried to introduce the German model to Canada back in 1977 but gave up after waiting nearly three years for government approval. Julian Schmidt, a division of London Rubber, applied to import its spermicide condom into Canada more than a year ago, and a go-ahead was given only late last week. "Never in our wildest imagination did we expect it to take this long," says Murray Black, president of Julian Schmidt in Canada. What perplexed Black is that the same condom and spermicide already had been sold

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PRIVATE STOCK

separately for years on the Canadian market. The ministry of health and welfare refused to divulge details of the sale but says it is waiting to receive more information from the company. It has also been left to a small firm in Springfield to launch a similar concept on the Canadian market—a vaginal sponge barrier combined with spermicide. VLI Incorporated of Costa Mesa, Calif., applied to the Canadian government last January for authorization to market its "contraceptive pillow." But judging from past experience, it could be years before a decision is made.

Another radical invention—the custom-made cervical cap—will likely also be brought to the public by a start-up drug company. The notice first appeared in medical literature almost a century ago and has been technologically feasible since the 1960s. Based on dental technology used to take models of teeth, Robert Goepfert, a Chicago dentist, and Viree Pressie, a Chicago gynaecologist, developed a method for taking a mould of the cervix so that a cap could fit the woman exactly, allowing greater protection against pregnancy. The Goepfert Pressie cap also includes a one-way valve—allowing bodily secretions to flow out but preventing sperm from flowing in—so the cap stays in place for weeks, months, possibly even years. Since it would provide an airtight seal, spermicide would be unnecessary. The cap is still in the testing stage, but Goepfert and Pressie are confident of its effectiveness. Chicago entrepreneur Paul Martiny, who has set up a firm to market the product.

Ironically, the birth control boom of the 1960s and '70s not only paved the way for barrier methods but has had the effect of stimulating some of the most dramatic success of them. As a result, a woman now has a range of choices of birth control.

While the diaphragm, previously available in three models to suit different body structures, is now only available in two. The one that has disappeared had a less rigid steel rim—one of the major complaints from users of the surviving diaphragm. "Putting one on can be like playing with a Frisbee," says Montreal's Valverde of the modern diaphragm.

The cervical cap has fared even worse. A thin, flexible device considered by many to be more desirable than the diaphragm, it is taking glacially despite the indifference—and sometimes even hostility—of doctors. Women report pressure from doctors to get on the Pill and stay on it. "My doctor pressured me for years to go on the Pill," says Valverde. "I'd go on him for a while and he'd offer me a year's supply of birth control pills." Dr. Martin Perrell, medical director of Toronto's Centre for Birth Control, agrees that the medical profession is not generally inclined toward the barrier methods. "If you go to a doctor, you'll end up with the Pill, the IUD or hormonal sterilization," she says.

The migration to the barrier methods seems to be a grassroots movement that is taking place despite the indifference—and sometimes even hostility—of doctors.



Dr. Anne Tharlow: "We don't talky games with this."

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The Contraceptive Factor

(Percent of respondents who use each method)

	Theoretical effectiveness	Actual use effectiveness
Pill	93-94	4-10
Coitus Interruptus	93-94	4-10
Diaphragm	93-94	4-10
Cervical Cap	93-94	4-10
Condom	93-94	4-10
Withdrawal	93-94	4-10
Rhythm	93-94	4-10
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People with different types of the Pill: personal legends

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A new assault on the Socreds' dream



A grand scheme for Premier Bill Bennett's dream of developing B.C.'s Fraser River coasted into an economic lifeline for the province but has more than its share of problems. From the start, the sheer scope of the \$5.9-billion project was formidable. It calls for an expanded port at Prince Rupert, an instant town and punching are rail lines and roads into the interior to get the coal to market. Initial setbacks in lining up investors and prospective customers to sign on the dotted line raised fears that the largest resource scheme ever undertaken by the province would be stillborn. Finally, however, the financial commitments necessary for start-up were in place. The partners, two mining companies and the B.C. and federal governments. And even more promising, coalfields were signed in January 1981, with a commitment of Japanese steel companies to take 1.5 million tonnes of coal a year over a 15-year period. But last week, an Opponent NDP M.L.A. renewed their assault on the controversial scheme, now questions were raised about its future.

Undoubtedly, rumors of a spring election are a major catalyst in the new of Premier. Bennett has exchanged verbal blows with NDP leader David Barrett over the project, signalling that its future course will hang in the balance when an election is finally called.

The NDP has long been vocalized that the terms of the deal struck with the Japanese were unsatisfactory. As economic critic Stuart Leggett put it, "We don't think the government bargained

hard enough. There's no reason the Japanese should be buying B.C. coal without transferring a large cut to the province. We would like to see more steel-making manufacturing as a condition of selling coal to Japan." That does not mean, added Leggett, that an NDP government would cancel the project as the Socreds recently charged. Instead, some work on the development had already started, he explained, "we would suspend the agreement with the Japanese and try to get better terms."

But the major concern of the anti-project's detractors relate to the economic problems it will face. An Industry Minister Don Phillips conceded, contracts for an additional \$1 million tonnes of coal a year are needed before the two governments can recover the \$1 billion they have committed to the building of new rail lines. Not only that, environmental charges that the two mining companies—Tide Corporation of Vancouver and Quatrecas Coal Ltd., principally owned and managed by Denton Mines Ltd. of Toronto—are having difficulty raising their \$1.6 billion share of the rail project. Pointing to the recent pullout of Baux Aluminas Canada Ltd. from the deal and B.C. Canada's recent halting of a \$100-million development in the region, some industry analysts argue that hitting world demand for coal has put the economic feasibility of

Price Rupert port now the planned coal scheme's new questions are raised

the entire B.C. scheme in doubt. Bill, the pro-scheme scenario is rejected by Robert Brady, president of the marketing arm of B.C. Coal. He argues that the contracts needed to push the venture into the black will be forthcoming as Asian and European power stations switch from oil to thermal coal. He does admit, however, that this depends on "a turnaround in the world economy." At the same time, executives at the mining companies claim that their financing arrangements, while delayed, are still proceeding. Ron is former federal justice minister Tom Blundell, who was hired by the province to oversee the venture project, emphasized by the critics. He points out that 90 per cent of the contracts involved with



Blundell: "It was a bad deal"

go to Canadian firms, and as a result the venture cannot fail to be a loss for B.C. and Canada.

Whether that will be the case, however, remains uncertain, in the view of many observers who are worried that the project will fall victim to the world recession. But as things stand there's more than ever before. Bill Bennett's development dream, while not shattered, is increasingly clouded by unpleasant realities.

—JAMES FLORENCE, with Alex from Malcolm Gray in Vancouver

Salaries on the chopping block

For Ottawa, it finally became official last week that Canada has entered a recession. Statistics Canada reported a 2.1-per-cent dip in the gross national product for the last quarter of 1981, and warned that it is "far from clear" that the economy is at the bottom of the slump. But the information was hardly startling for thousands of white-collar employees in a broad cross section of companies across the nation. That was particularly true of those who have grudgingly stomach pay cuts over the past few months, in what they believe is the mandatory price of an unpopularity high recession. For his part, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau declared that the answer to Canada's economic woes is "in the people, more than in the government." But that was said comfort to many Canadians who feel they are already suffering more than their share of the burden.

The situation of a young employee of Greenshield Inc., a Montreal investment house, was not atypical. His

reduction," admits Belanger, "but over all there has been a clear understanding of our goals and methods." The bank is saving a \$150 total gain in equity per share, and Belanger expects that by cutting salaries the corporation will save \$1 million this year. By next year, he will be saving "10 per cent less than my pension now earned here five years ago," says Belanger.

Some of the hardest-hit companies are in the forest industry. One of the largest and best-known firms to chop pay packages is the giant MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. Approximately 3,000 employees have been hit by the measure, which is estimated to equate a savings of \$9 million to \$11 million a month for the company. Employees taking home more than \$60,000 recently saw their earnings reduced by 10 per cent, and company Chairman Gilbert Ross, who earns about \$400,000, stands to lose about \$60,000 annually.

As more companies march to the tune of employee pay cuts, both public and



Belanger, by accepting a 20-per-cent pay cut, he joined the ranks of the hard hit

earned less than \$20,000 a year but was shocked to open her pay cheque last week and discover that a 30-per-cent retroactive pay cut had been deducted for the entire month of February. Greenshield, like other brokerage firms across Canada, is slowly liquidating its debt in order to cope with the fall in the securities market.

Last week, between 150 and 200 user management personnel at the National Bank of Canada recently accepted a 10-per-cent cut in pay, arranged perhaps by knowing that chief executive officer Michel Belanger and Executive Vice-President Gilles Moreau had swallowed 20-per-cent cuts. "Not everybody is singing about wage

private sector unions untill they find out they are a public relations campaign designed to hurt their members. Ottawa's recent call for a nine-per-cent ceiling on wage settlements has angered labor organizations who are fighting for wage increases to match the rate of inflation. "It's only people who are making those thousands of dollars who can afford a nine-per-cent ceiling," snarled William Parsons, president of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of Labor. "I'd hate [Prime Minister Allan] MacEwen's salary. I'd be happy with next year's."

Canadian Labor Congress President Dennis McMeekin worries that there have been attempts by companies to

"blackmail their employees into such concessions by threatening their jobs if they don't give in." Urging workers not to respond to such threats and accept wage and benefits reductions, McMeekin cautions that the practice could "open a dangerous door to a general lowering of people's standards of living" that with some business firms pointing to substantial cuts in their own standards of living at hardening time. McMeekin's argument may, in the long run, lose the ground.

—LINDA DENNIS, in Toronto with Carol Stroman

Roberts bids a sudden farewell

When Stanley Roberts, the erstwhile favorite son of western businessmen, took charge of the Montreal-based Grand as Chairman of Commerce in December, 1980, he was hailed as the man who would make East-West West. Renowned for his tough talk in support of western aspirations while he was president of the Canada West Foundation, he is also a lifelong Liberal and committed federalist. But last week, Roberts, 58, effectively announced his resignation from the position. Citing exhaustion from nonstop travelling, he announced his resignation as president of the chamber. "Right now, home is the made of a D-O and I'm sick of it," he declared.

But it was clear that the major reason for Roberts' sudden departure lay elsewhere. Not only was he fed up with the federal government's treatment of the West, he told *Maclean's*, but he was disillusioned with the way the East does business. And Roberts' "Raid of the Lobbyists" governments and businessmen would rather talk about things than do them. His analysis by analysis.

Roberts' penchant for action had certainly not made him popular with some of his 45 colleagues on the chamber's board of directors. His most significant achievement was pushing through plans for the organization's June 30 move to Ottawa—despite the objections of several Quebec members. But it was not only the francophones who were rattled by the decision. Most board members learned of the move only after their president had rented the new Ottawa office space.

Roberts refused to disclose his new employer (said to be a western-based energy company), but he is looking forward to resuming his role as a spokesman for western businessmen. "The West is much more likely to elect a separatist government," if so, federalists Roberts has his work cut out for him, even more.

—DAVID THOMAS in Montreal



I was a mix of 17 photographers in search of a face "Who's here? Who's here?" The frantic question at the Academy of Canadian Cinema and Graphic awards party centered around Toronto's British Place Hotel as media people scrambled to exploit any celebrity they could find. **Saul Rubinek** and **Wick Lewis** (who later won best supporting and best leading actor Genies for their performances in the religious epic film *Jesus of Nazareth*) were rigging champagne and generally making around. But where was **Glen Ford**? Photographers lamented that they needed a face people would recognize invited to present the best actress award for no conceivable reason other than to be raped at, the actor (who was here in Quebec 65 years ago) did make a nervous and disoriented appearance at a bench. But photographers had to be quick. Ford passed with his wife, **Cynthia**, and then poured out the door. **Marta Hartley** and **Peter Ustinov** were even less accommodating. They passed their presence for the CBC-TV presentation of the ceremony at the Boyd Alexander Theatre. So, after then **Alex Arkin**, just back from filming in *Antebellum*, the event had to get along with the likes of **Rubinek**, **Moss** and fellow Canadian **Nicola Campbell** and **André Pelletier**. At the Alex, a crowd of ordinary folk (who pay for movie tickets) headed in the freezing cold to watch a dozen or more limousines disgorging their passengers. Many actors might as well have saved the rental money. Except for **Janet Dale** and **Hartley**, who know how to make an entrance, most of Canada's best managed to walk the few metres from curb to foyer unnoticed. Inside, the audience of 1,200 was greeted by comedian **David Cole**. "We are running a bit late already," he warned. "If we go over, we are into *The National*. You know we can't move

important talent **Janet Dale** (left) knew about entrances, and ex-spectable **Glen Ford**, with wife, **Cynthia**, did his bit too.

around with *The National*." Mindful of the two-hour limit, most of the acceptances kept their thanks to a minimum. (God was thanked twice, and *Marsata* thanked Canada.) The show went off with only a few hiccups. The most notable National Ballet star **Varoujan Terzian's** leap into partner **Frank Asch** didn't end. Generally, the audience was appreciative of both the entertainment and the Genie winners. When **Arkin** won the best foreign actor award for *Impromptu*, **Chenoweth**, he drew the warmest response of the evening with, "I did not (he) like a foreign actor when I was making the film." Most potent of the night, **Margot Kidder's** winning of best actress for *Monty Python*. Though the B.C. native shared affluence with her portrayal of *Lolita* in *Superman*, it is common knowledge that she and director **Don Siegel** fought hammer and tongs throughout the filming of *Heavenly Creatures*. Perhaps in response to the odd accolades, presenter **Ford** felt a need to say, "I know **Margot Kidder**, and she is a lovely girl." That sentimental had to suffice. Unlike many of her contemporaries who are scrambling for jobs in Canadian TV, **Kidder** was in *Monty* making a movie.

Marta (left) makes every while Calogian looks bemused a cabaret job



Paul Martin, the 36-year-old father figure of the federal liberal party, is not easily awoken. But events last week clearly impressed him. "I never thought I'd see a former prime minister of Britain in my city talking about me," marvelled the man who served as **Maclean's** King's secretary of state and **Leslie Pearson's** minister of external affairs. Not only did **James Callaghan** talk about Martin, but he noted the highest form of praise possible. Callaghan told 600 dinner guests in Windsor, Ont., that the former high commissioner to Britain had once been valued as "an extraordinary member of the British government." The event was a \$100-a-plate kickoff for a campaign to endow the University of Windsor with a **Paul Martin** Professorship of International Affairs and Law. University Chancellor **Richard Bohmer** mentioned this rest of the hotel table—reluctant attendees **Max Macdougall**, **Mark Gray** and **Suzanne Whelan**. But it was **Glen Terzian** who stole the show with a story about Martin's old foe, **John Starnes**. As the prime minister refused it, **Terzian** "appeared to see Clark yesterday morning... 'Are you going to perform a miracle to keep my job?' asked Clark. 'No,' replied **Terzian**. 'I discovered that I am not God and that even miracles have their limits...'"

—EDITED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

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King of the mountain at last

By Hal Quinn

The setting last week in Aspen, Colo., presented an eerie feeling of déjà vu. It was the same snow-squashed Butcher's Run World Cup downhill course, with only a couple of minor changes. It was the same handful of the world's elite ski racers, and once again Canada's Steve Podhorski led them all. And it was the same Harb Winther of Austria who alone could stand between Podhorski and the first men's World Cup downhill title ever won by anyone not born in the shadow of the Alps. But last weekend there was one difference. Winther could not duplicate his remarkable performance of one year ago, and Podhorski was proclaimed king of the mountains.

Last year he had waded nervously at the bottom of Shadow Mountain only to see Winther fly by down the course. Six months later, after he'd taken the crown. Last year, after his worst finish (19th) in 24 years, Podhorski was smiling for Weather again. The foreboding feeling in the Canadian camp fell sharply, however, when Winther showed just what the slightest Swiss, Peter Mistlberger, Podhorski stood in the snow and waited for the impact of his accomplishment to sink in, but seemed unhappy about his relatively poor race, rather than joyous over his long-awaited triumph.

Mistlberger acknowledged that the title was over a long season, not in one, two or three races. However, he managed to come close. With victories in the final three races of the season, the last on Saturday, he pulled himself even with Podhorski in points, only to lose in the season-long record "Steve had a lot of bad luck last year," Mistlberger said. "He deserves to win." And just as Podhorski had graciously congratulated Winther last year, the Austrian skied over to the new champion and said



Podhorski hosted by teammates Murray and Gary Albano in their ascent

100th of a second it is impossible to understand fully what Podhorski has done. It can only be appreciated. In the past 20 World Cup races he has placed in the first seed (top 15). Only twice has he been worse than ninth and he finished in the top three 16 times. "It's hard to believe," said Podhorski. "I'm going to try to get away from everything and try to figure out what happened."

For much of his life what happened was "the only reward. This is the greatest day of my life. I think that the Austrian coaches are the only ones that can truly understand what we're doing."

Outing the Austrians as the dominant downhill power was accomplished, according to Rittin, because "with all of our disadvantages, we are psychologically tougher and we work twice as hard as anybody."

Normally, the team's greatest triumph came as two of the original members of the team were skiing their last races. Both allowed that their joy was tinged with sadness. "That," said Irwin, "one of my chief concerns was that there might not be anybody to take our place. But the youngsters are coming along now and it looks good for the future." Indeed, Todd Brooker skied into the medal with finishing second Saturday, his best yet.

Relaxed, his crown secure, Podhorski was satisfied Saturday with his second consecutive 10th-place finish at Aspen. But the team's celebration was interrupted by Reed's bad luck. His pole stuck in the gate and he halted, thinking he would be granted a promotional rerun. The gate was repaired, but the race jury did not allow Reed another chance.

It was an unfortunate postscript, but Rittin could look back over the season and say, "We are willing to try hard on something that is seemingly beyond us, and we go beyond whatever we dream."

For Podhorski the dream has come true. — With Ann Johnson in Aspen.

Trials of a wonder drug

A recently as five years ago, older sufferers had no recourse but pills and bedded doctors, wishing down with frequent specialists of articles that many patients could not tolerate. Contraceptive, or Tagamet as it is known to 20 million users worldwide, has done away with all that. It has also vanquished abdominal pains that can arise from moderate to appetizing and staved off potentially fatal bleeding in extreme cases. "It's a wonder drug," says Dr. Leon Statman, former director of oncology at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. "It revolutionized the treatment of peptic ulcers."

Par Tagamet's manufacturer, Smith, Kline & French, the consequences have been equally dramatic: so the market just five years, it has become the world's largest-selling prescription drug. Last year sales reached an estimated \$800 million. But British investigators have voiced concerns that the drug appears to encourage the formation of known cancer-linked agents in the stomach. Their controversial claims raise thorny questions about the uses of the drug.

An estimated 20 per cent of adults develop an ulcer at some point in their lives. Despite the widespread myth that stress is to blame, the cause remains a mystery. But doctors do know that the scenario begins with a breakdown of the mechanism that normally protects the stomach from the vicious gastric juices essential to digestion. These irritating juices then eat at the stomach lining or the upper part of the small intestine, creating painful lesions. By suppressing the production of gastric juices, cimetidine allows most ulcers to heal in four to eight weeks. Nevertheless, at least 10 per cent of ulcers recur within a year of treatment, usually provoking another prescription. Some physicians even advocate constant use of cimetidine to ward off repeat attacks.

But from Wrentham Park Hospital in Slough, England, comes a challenge to cimetidine's reputation. Examining the gastric juices of 148 cimetidine-treated patients, a group headed by Dr. Peter Reed found up to 100 times the normal level of nitrosamines, compounds that are generally proven to be carcinogenic in animals. The use has yet revealed the elevated nitrosamine levels—which did not drop appreciably even after patients had discontinued the drug for 60 weeks.



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The suspect nitrosamines result from the interaction of nitrates (a byproduct of digestion) and amines (which are found in many foods and some drugs, including cigarettes). By reducing acidity levels in the stomach, sometimes it is thought to cause nitrite-producing bacteria to flourish. And as a result, the theory holds, the drug also triggers an increase of nitrosamines. To the researchers' concern, low levels of acidity and high levels of amines have long been associated with stomach cancer. "We don't know if enough nitrosamines are ever formed in the stomach to cause cancer," says Dr. Peter Hagen of the Fels Research Institute in Philadelphia, Pa. "But it's generally felt that the more nitrosamines you have in your stomach, the less good it is."

At the University of Western Ontario, gastroenterologist Joseph Gosselin raises further doubts. Statman has been shown to react with carcinogens both in test tubes and living animals, producing what Gosselin feels is "an absolutely frenzied gene-damaging agent."

Defenders of the drug rightly contend that the incidence of stomach cancer has yet to be found in the stomachs of nitrosamine-treated patients. The other concern, they argue, are equally speculative. "Cancer's fiendishly complex," says Statman. "Proving a chemical damages the genes only proves it's suspect. It doesn't prove that it's the prime cause of human disease." Indeed, long-term animal studies have produced no conclusive evidence that cimetidine use heightens the risk of stomach cancer. As for isolated British reports that stomach cancer surfaced antecipitously early after treatment with cimetidine, Dr. Laurent Gosselin, medical director and vice-president of Smith, Kline & French Canada Ltd. asserts: "Just because you get a positive test [for cancer] after treatment doesn't mean the disease wasn't there all along." While the company ran its own tests on cimetidine-treated patients, it reportedly found no evidence of either elevated levels of nitrosamines or nitrite-producing bacteria.

While experts divide over the drug's safety, beleaguered patients may well conclude that the deciding factor is danger posed by the ulcer. Fewer than 20 per cent of all ulcers bleed. However, of those that do, 10 per cent cause death, and others may require major surgery to prevent further complications. "It's important that we try to heal ulcers as quickly as possible," says a physician at Dr. Michael Lichter of Jewish General Hospital in Montreal. But Lichter points out that cimetidine has no major adverse effect for which it is not licensed. "People are anxious for everything from diarrhea to abdominal cramps. The best results can be just as effective."

—PAM HARRISON

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LIVING

The big body beautiful

Any woman who straddles past the size-14 mark knows only too well the black-framed consequences, a closet full of discolored tent dresses and sensible shapewear polyester pants. Piled up with her lace-trimmed girth, 209-lb. Kora Partridge, a Vancouver publicist who specializes in treating the overweight, decided to fight back. In a Vancouver newspaper article last summer, she urged women to not sit at clothing manufacturers who refuse to design plunging necklines and sequester for the large woman. Fifty-plus calls later, Partridge mobbed Canada's first lobby group for the obese: Large as Life.

The lobby—now 80 women strong—is the latest voice in a growing movement to dignify the hefty. In the past few years, such organizations as *Big Beautiful Women* (population 400,000) and clothing franchises such as Additions! have sprung up to cater to this increasingly vocal market. The mission of the lobby, Partridge explains, is to promote increased self-acceptance and to educate the public about obesity in order to decrease the "social stigma placed on fatness." For many overweight people, the most serious problem isn't size but poor self-esteem. So strongly and pervasively is thinness equated with health and beauty that people who exceed the ideal can come to loathe their bodies, a situation they increasingly feel they deserve.

While the clothing industry provides a potential target, Large as Life's arrows are hitting other bull's-eyes: Confessions Partridge: "It provided a convenient point for other issues that are more difficult to deal with." Among the painful areas are exercise—the fat person's anathema—and health. Says group member Joan Del Sarto, a welfare worker and an exercise enthusiast: "I felt out of place in a sporting goods shop when I had to buy a pair of sneakers. That's where the group has been most successful." Adds Partridge: "Fat is certainly not a desirable condition. It's uncomfortable and bad for health."

One attitude that they will not tolerate, however, is the notion that fat signals a failure of will. Since 80 per cent of people who lose weight on diets regain it, they argue that fat, therefore, is a disorder. Their ultimate advice comes down to this: "Don't postpone your life until you lose weight!"

—BRUNDA BARRETT

JUSTICE

Charges of mayhem on the beat

By Linda McQuaig

The four 40-year-old Scottish women seemed an unlikely type to be charging the police with assault. But, trembling with emotion, Mary Abernethy told a Toronto court what happened late one night last summer when she was roused from sleep by two policemen knocking at her door. Almost immediately, she said, one of the officers suggested she get into the car behind her. She refused, he placed her under arrest, grabbing her tightly by the arm. When she protested at the pain, the beatnik, he let her slap him. He then, she continued, he placed her under arrest, grabbing her tightly by the arm. When she protested at the pain, the beatnik, he let her slap him. He then, she continued, he placed her under arrest, grabbing her tightly by the arm.

"I'd heard of all this kind of thing happening before, but I never believed it," says the white-haired Abernethy. "It's not awful if you happen to see before you believe it?"

In her testimony the policeman denied using excessive force and said that he had only put his hand on Abernethy's arm to arrest her after she refused to sign a notice saying that she would appear in court. He was acquitted. But Abernethy is left with a photograph of her body being restrained and disappointed doubts about whether police are being adequately controlled.

If Abernethy's case last month sounds unbelievable, so do many others like it. Just the sheer number of complaints of police abuse—including away from middle-class, middle-aged men and women with no criminal record—suggests that police may regularly be using undue force and aggression on the job. In Dartmouth, N.S., a police officer badly beat a 50-year-old man who was bleeding profusely, he died of the injuries. In Edmonton, criminal lawyer Burke Barter accused police during a fatality

inquiry last January of applying "excessive force" when they shot and killed an unarmed youth who had been arguing with his mother over a TV set.

In Toronto, where the issue has surfaced most dramatically, the Ontario Independent Review of Police Activities (OIRPA), a group of lawyers and community activists, has received more than

100 complaints of serious police abuse since it began operating last September out of the office of city Ald. David White. But perhaps most worrisome of all are allegations that Toronto police tortured 19 suspects to extract confessions. At the request of 70 Toronto criminal lawyers, the London-based human rights group Amnesty International called on the Ontario government last month to hold a public inquiry.

Police acknowledge that excessive force may be used on occasion, but they

deny that such lapses are common. The chairman of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Commission, Philip Givens, maintains that a policeman who must deal consistently with criminals and volatile situations can occasionally become transformed from a mere guy into a "mad, bad apple." Givens says that he does not believe police should bear any

cost. But some lawyers argue that by not taking a strong stand against violence, high-ranking police and judicial officials have essentially given all policemen carte blanche to do what they want. They're never caught out and clearly say they won't tolerate violence, that they'll catch and stop it out wherever it occurs," says Toronto lawyer Michael Cole.

The unfortunate result could be a gradual erosion of the trust citizens have traditionally placed in police as the agents of law and order. Donna McLaren, a police 36-year-old Toronto mother, explains that she has always taught her five young sons to turn to police if they have a problem. But McLaren alleges she was assaulted by police during an incident last summer in which a policeman was taking her 10-year-old son into custody for carrying a martial arts stick he picked up in a schoolyard. She says that while she was holding her 13-month-old baby, the officer pushed her so

hard she fell to the ground and could barely prevent her baby's face from hitting the pavement. In an investigation, police said McLaren was using her baby as a shield and slipped and fell when she grabbed at the officer.

Ironically, many of the incidents that lead to citizen complaints against police develop from minor misadventures, non-trivial violations. In the Dartmouth case in the summer of 1990, a public works commissioner called police after arguing with Marie Hollett, a saleswoman.

Abernethy displays photograph of bruise, a nasty encounter with the law





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and father of two, about blocking traffic on a bridge. Crown prosecutor Kevin Burke says that he thinks the police felt their authority challenged when Hollett answered a few of their questions and walked away. According to the testimony of eyewitnesses, police then grabbed Hollett, and while one held him, the other punched him continuously and choked him with a billy stick. Hollett, who had a rheumatoid neck condition, suffered irreparable brain damage and was left a quadriplegic until he died two weeks later. One of the police officers was acquitted; another was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to 10 months in jail. "The bottom line in this case," says Burke, "is that there wasn't a God damn reason whatever for this guy to be arrested."

Burke also believes that the case attracted public attention only because



Edmondson's Barker: "Nobody is policing the police." Ontario set up a new police complaints procedure, headed by Toronto lawyer Sidney Linden, last fall. But while Linden enjoys wide respect as a civil libertarian, the procedure has come under harsh attack for leaving the crucial initial investigation of any complaint in the hands of the police themselves. Only two months after its creation, Linden's office was thrown into

Hollett died. "Otherwise they could have beaten the living daylight out of him in broad daylight and gotten away with it."

In fact, it is what goes on beyond the broad light of day that most worries many criminal lawyers. Members of Toronto's hold-up squad, which investigates armed robberies, have been accused of shoving plastic bags over suspects' heads, beating them with cigarettes and kicking, punching and squeezing their naked testicles. The charges are particularly striking in that they come from 19 individuals, most of whom don't know each other. Toronto physician Dr. Philip Berger, who has examined torture victims from Latin America, examined 13 of the alleged victims. "Originally I was skeptical because I'd never seen anything like this in Canada," says Berger. "But in some cases it's difficult to imagine other

of men," says Penner. "It is not an adequate mechanism to cases of alleged wrongdoing to rely on internal [police] investigative units." Police have such a strong sense of being a team, he says, that when they are under attack they have a tendency to draw the weapons in a circle.

Meanwhile, some people are finding that a single hostile encounter with police can leave them questioning long-held beliefs about social justice. Ruth Cohen, a retired 30-year-old Toronto schoolteacher, says that she was profoundly disturbed when a policeman stopped her last summer for driving with her dog, Duffy, on her lap. The police officer said that when Cohen refused to identify herself, he arrested her and escorted her back to the cruiser. But Cohen alleges that the police officer yanked her from her car, twisted her arm behind her back, pushed her roughly against the cruiser and then, grabbing her by the ankles, shoved her into the back seat. "I've never had an experience like that in my life," says the mild-mannered Cohen, who now runs the Cofra hotline as a volunteer one afternoon a week. "It's really been a learning experience for me. I've never put my mind before to problems people face with police. I guess I should have been negligent long ago." She is clearly not alone in her anger. ♦



Cohen with Duffy: "I've never got my mind before to problems with police."

the centre of the fray when lawyers dropped the 19 torture allegations onto his desk.

In Manitoba, the new attorney general, Roland Penner, announced in January that he hopes to avoid possible conflicts of interest in having police investigating police by setting up a review procedure entirely in civilian hands. That has been a long-standing concern



DAMAGE

A scuffle in the high-rise jungle



By Gillian Stewart

Where a gleaming new high-rise shoots up in downtown Calgary, it often provides a little glare among bored office workers. The object is to remember which building previously occupied that spot, and since some are less than 10 years old when they fall victim to demolition crews, the glare can be expected to three or even four buildings ago. But in a city where office space has tripled in five years and building permits have exceeded \$4 billion in three years, even legitimate residents have difficulty keeping up.

The price of a robust economy has been high. Calgary's new find themselves wading narrow streets lined with look-alike high-rises that often block sunlight and warmth. From here, when erected, historic buildings rarely pushed aside. "Downtown Calgary looks like an overcrowded cemetery, each company trying to outdo the other with an ever bigger monument," says disgruntled architect and alderman Jack Long. But Calgary's boom city—since 1976 the population has grown by almost 25 per cent to more than 400,000 and should reach one million by 1990—is moving to inject some vitality into its downtown. It remains to be seen whether the new threat will survive the opposition of developers anxious to squeeze as much building onto as little land as possible.

Construction will start this summer on the \$120-million, 715,000-square-foot

municipal building—the result of a recent architectural competition that provides a dramatic breakthrough for downtown Calgary. Last December, the event's sponsors, city council, reaffirmed the current jarring unanimous choice: Calgary architect Christopher Baily, also a partner in the Toronto firm of Webb Zevitz Moske Hoskins. The design, which garnered a \$40,000 prize, is a striking jagged glass arrow pointing west, which steps up from two to 10 stories and provides for an open, multi-level and a covered stream. The glass exterior both modernizes and redefines the Ramassage Calgary City Hall, built in 1967, which will anchor the two-block civic centre in the east end of downtown. For the jones, Baily's entry symbolized Calgary's "strength and boldness." They are also buying, no doubt, that it became as widely recognized as such other architectural competition winners as Toronto's City Hall and the Sydney Opera House in Australia. For Calgary, the low-rise building provides welcome relief from the dense forest of high-rises. There was at stake then a new look—the civic centre also represents a hard-won collective vision of what Calgarians expect in their downtown. What they clearly did not expect was the \$234-million, five-block civic centre proposal sprung on them in 1979 by former mayor Ross Alger and designed by Toronto architect Raymond Murray and Calgary architect Harold Hanna. When disgruntled taxpayers narrowly

A greater option in Calgary's new democratically chosen civic centre

defeated the project, a chastened city council initiated some aesthetic measures in participatory democracy.

Calgarians wanted to be consulted, opinion polls showed. With that priority in mind, workshops were held in which citizens could describe to architects—pen and sketchbook in hand—how they envisioned downtown. Most pictures showed plenty of greenery, parks, small shops and restaurants and walking space. Questions circulated via the newspapers elicited more than 15,000 opinions on the civic centre. The final touch was the architectural competition itself, which showed the same populist spirit. Aldermen, city planners and citizens alike selected the joy of three interestingly renowned architects and two Calgarians.

"It was a good combination of independent and world wisdom, and I think it gave us some new vision for our city," says Long, who was a member of the panel of the evening the competition. But the example of one building, however provocative, may not be enough to change the tower syndrome. Baily, after all, was working with city land—a rare luxury—and did not have to worry about return on investment. That worry preoccupies developers, who maintain that tall, narrow high-rises are the only economically viable buildings when land in the downtown core costs as much as \$2,800 a square foot. Says Alan

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McKay, Olympia & York's development manager for Alberta. "Developers aren't in business to rip off people, but we do have to get a return on our investment. Otherwise we're just like anyone else—we'll go under."

In order to stay ahead, developers have been raising far over-jaguar buildings that often exceed the city's height guidelines. Some people blame inconsistent politicians and planners for these growing expectations. Olympia & York's new Base Plan, for example, occupies a square block, almost a third of which is given over to much-needed

trees, shrubbery, fountains and pools. The density of the two 35-story towers on the site is about 11.5 times the site area (the city's maximum is 30). By contrast, city-owned recently granted Cascade Development Corporation Ltd. a density of 25 times the site area for a \$200-million 66-story office and commercial complex. McKay says that sort of over-density has led to "wide open housing" by developers.

It has also led to some interesting trade-offs. The Cascade project, according to Cascade President Herman Bessert, devotes 50 per cent of the square-



The boom city's unchecked development

block use to open plans in exchange for a higher-density building. "People in the street don't even know how high a building is," he says. "They are more interested in what it gives them at ground level. And we've tried to make this project a people place for downtown Calgary."

Nevertheless, making downtown Calgary a "people place" may not have been what developers had in mind when they recently convinced a majority of aldermen to scuttle plans for curbside parking downtown. The plan, which involved five years of research and public discussion and cost \$800,000, would have imposed legally binding height restrictions in some areas, set aside land for residential development and allowed for more green space and sunlight. Instead, council opted for a plan that would set policy but have no legal effect. City Planner Frank Palmer, who nurtured the original plan almost since inception, admits that the time needed to do a thorough job allowed developers to nibble away at the spirit of the document. "But this kind of thing is always a problem in a boom city," he adds. It also gave developers time to mount an efficient lobby. Getting Calgary's aldermen in the plan posed an even bigger problem, since many are so new to the city that they haven't started caring about how it looks.

AM Long remains confident that Calgary has time and space to develop a vibrant downtown core. But he believes that the public is still not demanding enough from its politicians and planners. Calgary no longer needs to worry about becoming a sprawling northern Los Angeles, says Long, because it already has a distinct downtown. The emphasis should now fall on parks and green space. "The people of San Francisco have always cared for themselves and it shows in their city. Now it's time for Calgarians to show how much they care." ☐

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Savage and Keller: neither intelligence empire is evil or even nasty

When the good guys look like the bad guys

THE AMATEUR
Directed by Charles Jarrott

U ntil five or six years ago, the American intelligence community enjoyed an extraordinarily pure image on the screen, despite several invasions of Cambodia, attempts at bugging of foreign leaders and other such shenanigans. But in 1985 Stan Peckinpah's *The Killer Elite* depicted the CIA and the FBI, clearly and by name, as sinister monsters in their own right. Since then, the production has swung back halfway. *Three Days of the Condor*, for example, was either an anti- or pro-CIA film depending on whether you saw it before or after the hostage-taking in Iran. The *Amateur* is an extension of this vacillation process. Its lack of direction reflects the confusion and confusion of present American foreign policy.

Take the Robert Redford character in *Condor*, Charles Haller (aka Savage) in the bureaucracy of the CIA, a computer technologist. His girlfriend, Sara (Lynee Griffin), is randomly taken hostage by terrorists in Munich and executed as an example to the West. Savage is inadvertently involved. When he pleads for official revenge and is rebuffed, he steals coded documents to blackmail his superior, thus helping

him assassinate Sara's killers. They have facilities but no money. As a contingency in such pictures, there's not only a genuinely terrifying conclusion but holes in the plot big enough to drive a Lada through. But no matter, there are nice human touches as well, and these, particularly, are revealing of the present public mood that no longer sees friends and enemies drawn in black and white.

No wonder *Savage* struggled into Cambodia (played here by Australian) to take revenge on the Soviet-backed extremists. That the CIA recovers the incriminating documents and orders that Savage be "terminated with extreme prejudice." By this time he has already been "killed" by Cambodian intelligence, headed by Paul Lukas (Christopher Plummer in one of his less creepy roles).

In this film, neither intelligence empire is evil or even nasty. Elizabeth Olsen's Keller, a CIA operative sent deep inside Eastern Europe, is a cut-throat blade with a penchant for English male programs, and CIA director Brewer (Arthur Hill), far from being a stereotypical regime-topper, comes across as an overworked bureaucrat so sure-sure that the like politician he appears to be advising.

On the other side it's much the same

Plummer's state policeman is participant of Laraine Day's old No. 1 hunter in *The Man from Beyond*. A gothic and folk window, this Communist's lobby is proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The *Amateur* doesn't take sides. As a statement on present-day political realism, that is why it is of interest. But as a film, it allows an involvement with characters or their causes, and that's why it rings hollow. —DOUG FETTERLING

Providing aural gratification

IMAGINE THE SOUND
Directed by Ron Mann

J azz has been poorly served by movies since the early '30s when it ceased to be mainstream popular music. Nevertheless, as it may seem, Bert Stern's *Jazz* on a Summer's Day of 1986 was the last great jazz documentary. With such a variety, *Imagine the Sound* would have been welcome even if it were not also a model of what a jazz film should be. Instead of going to a club or rehearsal studio and attempting an on-the-spot movie, director Ron Mann (making his debut at age 30) and producer Bill Smith wisely chose to invite four figures associated with the jazz avant-garde of the '60s—Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Paul Bley and Bill Dixon—to the MacClear Plaza recording studio in Toronto last winter. Each musician played at length and talked about his music; the film-makers were re-

Shepp at introduction to jazz of the '60s



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net to record them and stay out of the way.

This strategic self-effacement makes *Imagine the Sound* a pleasure to watch and, especially, to hear. The generous documentary takes form in 30-minute musical segments punctuated by the interviewers. *Imagine the Sound* avoids the usual film-maker's urge to cut away from the players for visual interest, but the subdued style employs considerable artifice, such as a luminous white-room set for present Taylor. The album-quality sound and the fluidity of Robert France's camera work make *Imagine*

the Sound a 36-man equivalent of Martin Scorsese's *The Last Waltz*.

France's restraint places the burden of interest on the four musicians, and this is where *Imagine the Sound* is full of surprises. At one point, trumpeter Dixon sings, "In this music, the musicians are supposed to be stupid," a sharp comment on the common trope of the musician as a blind, suffering genius. In striking contrast, Dixon, Shepp and Riley often sound like witty college professors in the interviews. Dixon sketches how '60s past encountered avant-garde movements in dance,

poetry and painting. Shepp recounts the huge influence of saxophonist John Coltrane and the thought of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. The only white musician of the four, Canadian giant Riley, lectures on the musical changes of the '60s with the timing and asides of a stand-up comic. All three musicians work very hard to make their jazz accessible, to a remarkable degree, they succeed.

Over the myths, Carl Taylor is the exception. Even his casual remarks sound like poetry, and a poem he reads is as abstract as his demanding music. Liked here in short segments (Taylor usually plays for an hour straight at a sitting), his music is much less impenetrable than it often seems on record. With Taylor, France's camera achieves a luxurious lyricism, a classicist's sense of sight and sound. As both documentary and entertainment, *Imagine the Sound* is probably the best place to be introduced to the jazz of the '60s.

—BARRY THOMA

In the name of a grievous father

THREE BROTHERS

Directed by Francesco Rosi

Nominated for an Oscar in best foreign film this year, Francesco Rosi's *Three Brothers* comes as a painful disappointment after his previous film, *Claret* (Shogun or *Claret*). A superb adaptation of Carlo Levi's famous book of the same name, the earlier film showed what was special and best about Rosi's art. He works at his material with his heart. His understanding of the peasants who lived in the primitive village of Gaglianico gave the film an aura of authentic truth. In *Three Brothers*, Rosi concentrates his attention and sympathies upon an old peasant (Charles Vanel) who has returned from three years home to attend the death of their mother. He achieves the same simplicity and grace he did with *Claret*. When he sets from the old peasants to his sons, the film's aura disappears.

The mood of *Three Brothers* can often be heartbreakingly eloquent. Charles Vanel, who is 68, has a face with an awesome sense of living lived into it. During a fantasy-memory sequence where he meets his dead wife on a pathway and catches a rabbit for her, we can feel his sense of loss. The old man awakes, followed by a loyal black mule, his someone who has lost his work, only his little granddaughter (Marie Zoffel) shares his grief, without comprehending it, as children so often do. But these sons are so wrapped up in their



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Zollok, Manel: the true screws of the very old and the very young

own lives that they're almost incapable of feeling grief for anyone or anything else.

These three brothers are all modern creatures, each beast with his own tragic fate. Raftello (Philippe Noiret) is an important judge who has nightmares about being killed by terrorists if he doesn't get out of the country. Lucien (Luis Hemon) (Victorine Matheux), Lucien's closest to being affected by his mother's death, but his deepest sorrow is for the minor under his charge at a correctional center. And Nicola (Michelle Yovanovitch) is a young woman whose wife, still in a coma, is being held by terrorists. Obviously, the film is suggesting that only the very old and the very young can know true sorrow for a creature departed, and this point is well taken. Still, the film is a little over-the-top in its emotional and cerebral clutching of the mind to focus to experience feeling at its source. However, the film makes a shiffling emphasis away from the three sons to the mother, who is the only one who is presented in flashback, don't deny a great emotional weight; Raftello's sense of compassion noticeably pales in the sequences involving them. The arguments about terrorism and the current state of Italy don't go anywhere and neither do the film's two teachers being run off at the beach.

Fractured by too many tales, fatigued by too much life, *Three Brothers* leaves its emotional memories. Red "wedges home" in long, leisurely pacing. When he indulged himself in *Stock*, his heart was in the right place. Rather than finger with the painful dreams of the ones in *Three Brothers*, he should have kept a vigil with the old man's sweet memories, which have turned into nightmares. —LAWRENCE D'OLIVE



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opposite, the glad-handing Prof. "Nobby" Nalman, yet when sent out to perform, J.T. and his friends are curiously unfunny. This can be attributed in part to the painful slapstick of so many of their antics, but it can be blamed even more on the novel's murky, unattractive language, reminiscent of an old Jack Benny radio routine. Upgrading "a thing or two" to "a thing or three" does not really qualify as wit.

There are some humorous bits, such as J.T. mistakenly taking a mind-altering drug instead of Aspirin before delivering a public lecture. This scene is effective because J.T. is unaware of the ingested dosage of his delivery and the consequences of the overdose J.T. is glib in the way Charlie Chaplin so often was in his last in the role of a professional, he can't begin to understand. This is so different from most of J.T.'s scenes, where he (and the narrator) is filled with a barely concealed satisfaction at his own cleverness. At heart



MacLeod resorts to the puns and irony

J.T. is not so much a lost and struggling soul as a contented one.

If there is anything redeeming about this novel it is in its underlying argument, which is symbolized by three definite character types. First there is J.T., who in the beginning is an overgrown, daffy, repressed Canadian. To one side of him stands his friend Granville, full of spirit and self-doubt. On the other side is the charismatic immigrant, Nalman, a multi-talented extrovert who effectively breaks down the barriers of custom and timidity that Canadians erect between each other. By making J.T. grow more like Nalman, MacLeod is expressing a hope he has for the people of his country. But that hope—which is an important and healthy one—is so crudely expressed that our writer MacLeod had written an essay entitled

—JOHN BANVILLE

A story lost in the translation

THE WILL OF HEAVEN
by Nguyen Ngoc Ngan
(Clarke, Irwin, \$28.95)

On April 30, 1975, the victorious North Vietnamese army swept into Saigon. For Nguyen Ngoc Ngan, "The world as I had known it for twenty-eight years ended abruptly." It had been a world of social corruption and political delusions huddled under the protective French and American military umbrellas. In the panic and chaos that followed the American abandonment of Vietnam, thousands fled the country by air and sea. The fate of people such as Ngan, who chose to remain, was left to "the will of heaven."

At the time, Ngan was a teacher at Vietnamese literature living in Saigon with his wife, Phung Lan, and their son, Tran. During the late 50s he had been inducted into the South Vietnamese army and was wounded twice. As far as the North Vietnamese were concerned, Ngan's military service made him one of "the puppet and traitors of former president." That's a dismal means. Ngan spent a grim three years in re-education camps, fed on a diet of weedy rice and Communist propaganda. The "students" had to clear the jungle and replant it with rice, they dug with their bare hands for antiploated mines, grenades, mortar duds and M-79 shells.

The Will of Heaven is the memoir of a brave and resourceful man. But the book is seriously flawed, and the reader's confidence is not won easily. First, Ngan makes no pretense at being impartial. His hatred for the North Vietnamese is so deep that he caricatures them throughout the book, portraying them as cruel, inhuman, deceitful and stupid. There is no acknowledgment of the courage and dedication that enabled them to defeat the combined forces of the United States and South Vietnam. While the North Vietnamese atrocities are catalogued, Ngan glosses over the barbarism of his own side: the torture and execution of Viet Cong prisoners who were "tortured with extreme prejudice," as the U.S. government delicately put it.

The major disappointment, however, is the awkwardness of the writing, and most of the blame must fall on the ghostwriter, E.E. Richy. Ngan may have lacked the confidence to write his book in English, but surely a literal translation from the Vietnamese such as in Phoenix's beautiful *Ngan*, the moving memoir of another survivor, Tran Quang, would have been prefer-

The Sound of our Toronto In the Key of Cabbagetown.



CKFM 99.9 THE SOUND OF OUR TORONTO

able. Biekey's elche-solider steenon rob the bank of its individual vates and blaut its emotional impact. The dialogue is unintentionally hilarious: "Isn't it all a big pile of crap?" those souless sons of bitches really pulled a fast one. They fiddled all of us, the business!" says one disillusioned occupant of a re-education camp. We see to believe that Vietnamese speak like Americans?

After his release from the camps, Nyan returned to a Saigon that was no longer recognizable: his son was being indoctrinated at school; private property was confiscated. In December, 1975, Nyan left Vietnam with his wife and son on an overcrowded fishing boat. After five harrowing days at sea they reached the inhospitable coast of Malaysia, but before they could land a storm ravaged the boat, and Nyan's wife and son were drowned.

This is the climax of the book, and here the false notes are even more concerning. Striving for intensity, Biekey makes an embarrassing attempt at tragic lyrics: "Nyan leaped hesitantly against the shore as though wary from their earlier wanderous agony. Somewhere out there in that tranquil sea my wife lay, adrift perhaps among the bright, tropical sea flowers, her long thick hair blowing softly behind her in a dark cloud." Such cheap



Nyan growing to hear his own words

emotionalism is unfair to both the author and the reader. One longs to know whether this was actually Nyan's original version. Siddons has an author here so badly served by the well-meaning ingratiation of his ghostwriter.

Nyan was eventually sponsored by the Canadian government and now lives in Prince Rupert, B.C., where he works at a grain elevator. He has been given sanctuary in this country, which is denying he should also have been allowed the dignity of telling his story in his own words. —H. GERTIE SANTANA

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

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- 2 *An Indecent Obsession, McEwen (2)*
- 3 *The Dead New Hampshire, Irving (2)*
- 4 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays, Marchand (2)*
- 5 *Beatty Home, Brown (2)*
- 6 *Carla, King (2)*
- 7 *The Brief Against Devere, (2)*
- 8 *Passion Last Words, Pringle (2)*
- 9 *God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (2)*
- 10 *The Death of December, Bolivar (2)*

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Acquisitors, Newman (2)*
- 2 *Conquest and Treason (2)*
- 3 *The Lord God Made Them All, (2)*
- 4 *Plagues Across the Border, Davies (2)*
- 5 *Men at Progress, Goldsberry (2)*
- 6 *The New Canadian Real Estate Investment Guide, Zimmer (2)*
- 7 *The Game of Our Lives, Gossard (2)*
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TELEVISION

Psychedelic ice charades

TOLLER CRANSTON'S
STRAWBERRY ICE
C&S, March 11

Ever since he smuggled a solo on his Vietnam love seat for a photographer, it has been hard to imagine what Toller Cranston could do for an encore. The answer is Toller Cranston's Strawberry Ice, a lavishly CBS Super Special. This "built on ice" is an emotional outburst as overblown it could provide spaces of involuntary giggles from Freud.

After putting the final brushstroke on one of his rather splendid paintings, Cranston has drawn so deep. A radioactive-blue apron—his dress-self—leaves the body and gives itself off to fantasy-land. As first he's beset by remaining leather men, as though the Village People had taken to ice-land. But the blizzard of music, in various guises, beckons him on. Toronto chanteuse Shawn Jackson, in the best number, belts out *Maybe Clouds of Joy* while doled out as an archangel retransmission of Tina Turner's and opens in *Flamingo* she puts to shame Broadway veteran Celia Rivera and her febrile rendition of *Four-Olympic* show Peggy Fleming and ice Capades star Sara Kawahara join the festivities, on which not a penny has been pitched. If only it self added up to something more than self-indulgent, psychedelic caprice. In recognition of its frenzied demeritless to divide us, Strawberry Ice deserves a gilded raspberry.

—BILL MACFARLANE

Kawahara and Cranston: self-indulgence



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Image 1/2

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Image 2/2



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FORD PICKUP



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A castle built of faith and concrete

The site was determined by German bombs on a December night in 1940. While St. Paul's Cathedral, a few hundred metres to the south, survived intact, 30 acres near London's Roman and medieval walls were flattened by a rain of fire. Today, the rebuilding is finally complete, and the Barbican Centre for Arts and Conferences, the largest arts centre in Western Europe, was opened last week by Queen Elizabeth II. With a concert hall, two theatres, three cinemas, a conservatory, a library, two exhibition halls and several galleries, the complex is designed as a monumental scale. It is doubtful if such a project would be started in our more thrifty, humble time. The centre is built of enough concrete to provide more than 30 km of asphalt highway. It is, in short, a lavish gesture of faith completed in an age of doubt.

The opening was a lavish gala affair, with appearances performed by the London Symphony Orchestra (LSO) and the Royal Shakespeare Company (RSC) in celebration of their new home. London already has one centre that houses several arts institutions: the South Bank Complex along the River Thames. But with eight major theatres, two world-class theatres and as apparently unlimited market for the visual arts, the city needed another.

The centre takes new territory for the arts, it is located in "The City of London," a neighbourhood through that is regarded in the world headquarters of high finance. The Barbican is a present-day castle, complete with towers, parapets, arches and even an artificial lake which serves the same function as a moat. The physical consciousness of the Barbican is of symbolic importance to its chief administrator, Henry Wood, a 51-year-old Torontoan who was director of programs at Ottawa's National Arts Centre before assuming the Barbican position in 1981. Says Wood: "From early times, men have tried to erect buildings that would signify their pride. And following the last war, the arts centre has taken the place



The arts centre with apartment towers designed on a monumental scale.

of the medieval cathedral or the Victorian city hall as the emblem of a city's pride."

Reinforcing that pride will be Barbican's two major tenants, the symphony orchestra and Britain's foremost theatre group, the Royal Shakespeare Company. The RSC also operates a theatre in Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, but for 26 years its London base has been a dusty playhouse on the West End. The new concert hall and theatre were custom-built to suit and

meet specifications. The chocolate-colored theatre is particularly a stunning piece of architecture. Seen of its 1,068 seats is further than 20 m from the focal point of the stage, giving a feeling of intimacy and grandeur.

The Barbican's function, however, is not to serve British culture alone. Especially in the visual arts, it intends to display the best of international art. One of the Queen's visits last week was to open a major exhibition of contemporary Canadian tapestries, *Canada: Works in Progress*. The 21 pieces reflect the nation's character not only in their diversity and eclecticism but also in their awareness of space and distance. Only artists capable of working on a large scale could have succeeded in filling the Barbican's enormous (a horseshoe-shaped foyer that sweeps around the 2,063-seat concert hall) with warmth and vibrancy.

Although attention has mostly been devoted to the building as an arts centre, it has equal importance for business. Barbican personnel have accepted international bookings for conferences as far ahead as 1988. The centre has become the prime meeting ground for the City of London, the headquarters of dozens of banks, insurance companies and multinationals. As well, the Barbican is a convenience in the plan to bring residential accommodation back into the city: above the arts centre stand three 46-storey apartment blocks.

The planners knew that unless the new-build complex was thrived with life, the critics will pour scorn. Some already express anger at the enormous cost, a 1981 estimated cost of £13 million mushroomed to more than £250 million by last week's completion. Critics deplore the further concentration of England's artistic energy, facilities and subsidies in London. But the Barbican may outshine such skeptics if it achieves true form: it from a holy mix of concrete, wood and tiles into a fitting, friendly space. As Henry Wood says dryly: "Pompous doesn't go with the arts."

—MARK ARLEY

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INNOVATION FOR INSPIRATION.

Director Wood: cathedral replacements



The Commons bells toll for Joe

By Allan Fotheringham

There is a slightly desecrated air to Ottawa at the best of times, a conspiracy town masquerading as a city, its air filled with people who are filled with secrecy and a sense of importance they could never acquire if allowed in the real, live world. The common of the division bells of Parliament ringing for days, however, has revealed in clear relief—clanging incessantly until secretaries collapse in tears—justly emphasize that politics in Ottawa, the nation's business tested as parchment. Since television took over, every MP has become an actor, the best men awarded with a script of cues as the *Journal*, strided or shied by Barbara and Mary Lou. The ringing of the bells pushing change in the ultimate conclusion: Parliament as an empty stage.

The clanging in the Commons does illustrate the two most prominent features of Ottawa—the lovely serenity of the Liberal masters in charge and the growing nervousness of what passes for heavy strategists surrounding Joe Clark. The country cannot stand either the superiority of the former or the intensity of the latter. It's why we want to Wayne Grunyk for unity.

The Liberals of 1988—rulers of this sparse country for 60 of the past 80 years—are increasingly lofty these days as their leader demonstrates in his political attitude the pay that comes to a politician who plans never to face the voters again and so doesn't give a cent's emotional about it at all. The anomaly is always heard Peter Elliott himself and, now that the constitution marches in something like way through Mother England, his discontent in the serious staff of government is apparent, displayed on his forehead like a sun sign. His attitude—misgivings as to all Liberals of Joe Clark's fading prestige—has simply encouraged his House leaders to trample their way forward with even more insensitive red tape than usual. The hidden-hole energy bell that the Tories are plotting to is a prime Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *StarWeek*.

example of Liberal bellying—mutilating staff to just one all-encompassing voice on an omnibus bill that affects 18 different pieces of legislation. With typical Liberal doublets for the opposition parties, the bill would not be sent to standing committees for detailed examination, no expert witnesses would be allowed, no representation from the provinces, just one lump of a 140-page bill that must be passed in a year or so. That's why the bells were ringing and the secretaries crying as the Tories refused to vote—hoping the public would recognize the principle.



The chances, unfortunate or otherwise, are that voters will notice something else—a faint glint of desperation emanating from the camp of the Clarkians. That Holy Grail of the Tory residents—a leadership review convention in Winnipeg next February—is suddenly set that far off, and the hand is closing in. In Quebec, national party President Peter Blake is loudly complaining that Pierre Mulroney is outflanking Blake in Blake's badly denied aspirations to succeed Clark. The play of the Clark camp in denoting the too-vibrant John Crocker to the non-morose role of eternal sufferer shows cabinet critics has belied—yet has simply allowed the underdeveloped Newfoundlanders latitude to plan his leadership approach. They perfect David Crombie is bawling away, out of the Clark snafus, and the Tory masses has renewed Clark legislators from bay roles and installed its own Trojan in the home. It is not a happy scene, and the bugs under the eye of the

rapidly aging Clark await to it.

It's all a matter of timing. The Liberals, knowing Trudeau's shopworn image in most of the country, hope he will go in time to allow a new leader with steel-blue eyes to face a Tory party that has not yet dumped Clark. Poor Joe, who has the tenacity of a thrillo pen, would like, son of desperation, an election before that dreadful Winnipeg date, confident the odds are right and that a Tory party—under any leader—would take a jaded Liberal government led by the astute Trudeau. The country at the moment doesn't like either one—but is moving right, as Ronald Reagan's Bushed States of America.

Enter Yukon Erik, politician's version of the pro-sweating hero. Erik Nelson is Clark's new House leader, replacing the affable Walter Baker, forever famous for his night of the wrong count when the Tory budget went under. If Nelson ever settles, he settles in so the company of contracting adults. He burns with the perthen passion of the old Diefenbaker days when he destroyed Pearson ministers at the drop of a furniture scandal. He is a Casanova-esque exchange, a believer that God

made parliamentary rules in the knowledge that they are there to be used—even if it means the Tories, referring to him on an adversarial motion (and thus setting the bells and the secretaries clanging), are becoming a motion they made themselves. It is called theatre, and most of the country yawns.

Clark must stand the eternal bleeding too much longer. A man who has explicitly tried to govern a minority government as if it had a majority, he is now faced with a government that rejects a unique status. It is both detached and self-absorbed in its beliefs. The only chance for salvation is to show, by persistence or trick, an election that would follow, supposedly, where the present Gallup indicates. The Liberals are serene, the Clarkians increasingly nervous in the hope they can manufacture a dissolution. That's up to Yukon Erik, a parliamentary terrorist who only with the rule book. Bells are in the rules.



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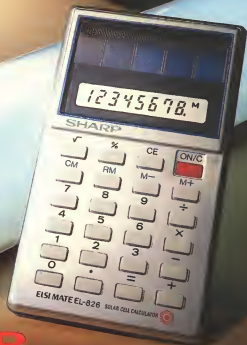
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